THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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THE TRAVELER'S NOTEBOOK 209

The Gist of It

FOR some years the leaven of the Rosenwald Fund has been at work in the loaf of southern Negro education and community life. Small in comparison with sums raised by local taxation and contributed by individuals, both white and Negro, the Rosenwald Fund has nevertheless made possible better physical equipment, higher teaching standards, richer participation in community life for thousands of rural Negro schools in the South. The report (page 171) of a typical Rosenwald School, of the remarkable Negro woman educator who has led it, of the improved educational opportunity linked with better economic opportunity and more satisfying community life it has fostered, was brought back by MARY ROSS, associate editor of Survey Graphic, who recently went to Georgia to study at first hand the work of the Rosenwald Fund.

APPARENTLY American teachers—pre-school, elementary, highschool—are going to fill the ships to Europe this summer. Certainly this office has never had so many letters asking, "What schools had I better visit?" "Where shall I go to get the best of the 'new' education abroad?" As a sort of "travel chart" for these fortunate travellers, and a travel substitute for stay-at-homes interested in these education experiments, GERTRUDE HARTMAN, editor of Progressive Education, has set down (page 176) the background of the progressive school movement abroad, with notes on some of the outstanding "new" schools in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and comments on how they differ, in method and spirit, from similar American undertakings.

THE ambitious program of the University of Wisconsin to organize "a people's college within walking distance of every citizen of the state" is outlined (page 180) by JEFFERSON MOSLEY of the university's extension division. Professor Mosley, before he took his present post, was variously engaged—in teaching physics in Texas, in scientific investigation and editorial work in three government departments (commerce, navy and agriculture) and in winning The Forum's $1,000 short-story prize four years ago.

FOR several years there have been indications that new and arresting things were happening in the Law School of Yale University. One day the papers announced the addition of a psychologist to the Law School faculty, and another, that an internationally-known economist had been called on for a contribution to the training of young lawyers. More recently has come news of a new undertaking—an Institute of Human Relations in which the dean of the Law School is one of the prime movers. How this experiment is to cut across professional school boundaries and department lines and work toward the development of a new science—a new understanding and a new technique—is told (page 182) by DONALD SLESINGER, psychologist, of Yale Law School.

ROOSEVELT, Wilson, LaFollette, Bryan, Hughes, Brandeis, Baker, Lane, Colby, Costigan, Murdoch, Johnson, Robins step out of the colorful pages of DONALD RICHBERG's narrative of war days. Days, too, when the Progressive Party faltered in 1916, and died in 1924 as post-war "normalcy" overwhelmed LaFollette. The day of Roosevelt's death. The days, mounting up now to eight years, of confused leadership yet with "some indications of the direction in which the young men and women of tomorrow will probably move," which will form the subject of later articles by a man who has turned his legal training and social bent to the service of his generation in ways that are as new and promising as progressivism was in 1912. Page 185.

THE charming head of a young girl on our cover was carved in maple wood by SIMON MOSELSIO, a Russian sculptor now living in America. It is reproduced through the courtesy of the owner, Mr. E. Weyhe, of the Weyhe Galleries in New York City.

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SCHOOL DAYS

Lithograph by Bertha Kraus

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THE SURVEY
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MAY 1, 1929

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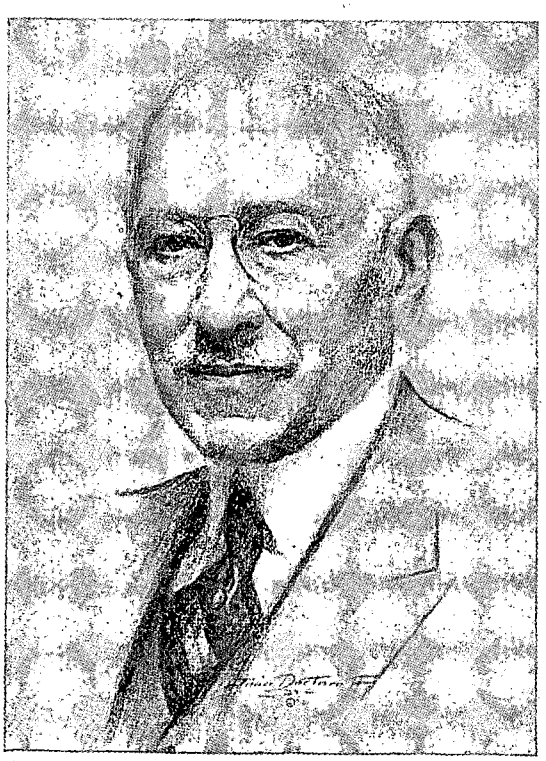
The Leaven and the Loaf

By MARY ROSS

THE February rain came in slanting sheets across the paved road and froze crackling over the fields of dried cotton stalks and the grove of tall pines whose sighing could be heard a quarter mile away. It was one of the worst days of a Georgia winter, and naturally enough the Clarke County Training School held only a fraction of the 150 brown girls and boys who ordinarily would have been there in the height of the schooling season. Cotton picking may last pretty well through December; planting starts again in March. For the bigger ones particularly these events eat inexorably into both ends of the legal nine months' school year and school learning must be done when farm work cannot be done.

This was a bad enough morning to walk in thin clothing and worn shoes a stretch down the hard road that goes past the school, still worse to come sliding for two or three miles down the red clay gulleys into which the side roads had degenerated. There was only a baker's dozen in the primary room, which ordinarily would have held from seventy to eighty shining faces—from five- and six-year-olds up to big over-alled boys in their teens still trying to patch together enough pieces of schooling to get through the fourth grade. In the three other class rooms, where the older boys and girls went through the rest of the nine grades, through first year highschool subjects, home economics and agricultural training, there was a somewhat larger representation. The principal, Mrs. Judia C. Jackson Harris, had an unusually good opportunity to set her ninth-grade class in education at its books, and stop to sit by the wood stove to tell the story of the trim red brick school which had come into being through her initiative and the help of friends, southern and northern, white and Negro, through nearly thirty years.

This Clarke County Training School, in the country five miles outside Athens, Georgia, is one of 4,138 Negro schools built in the southern states since 1913, and known as the Rosenwald schools because a share of the funds for the building and equipment was given by Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago merchant, at first personally and later through the Julius Rosenwald Fund, which he established in 1917 for "the well-being of mankind." The initial momentum of the idea came through Booker T. Washington, founder of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, with whom Mr. Rosenwald worked out this means of extending to the great mass of colored children some of the elements of education which had proved successful at Tuskegee. Obviously the public school system was the point of departure, and the interest and aid of the local community, Negro and white, was essential if the work was to be kept going. The first schools, built in Alabama and supervised by Tuskegee Institute, adopted the principles which have been found to work with increasing success through the succeeding fifteen years: cooperation of all the inter-



Julius Rosenwald, whose leaven has raised schools for half a million Negro children

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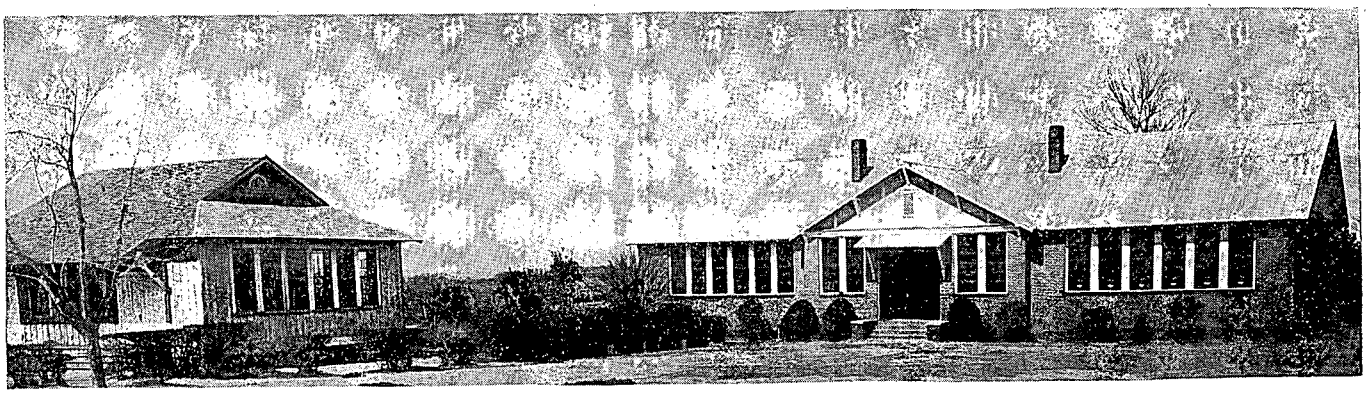

Thirty years, the indomitable dream of a young teacher, the funds of far-seeing foundations, and the love, work and money of countless friends are built into this trim Clarke County Training School and its adjacent shop building

ested parties; adaptation of the school work to the practical need of the families from whom the children come; and careful planning of the school buildings. In 1920, with the extention of the program through the Fund, a central office for the South was established in Nashville.

That worn word "cooperation" means that the local school authorities, state, county or town, agree to maintain the school when built as part of the regular public school system—and that white and colored groups share in the cost of its building and equipment. More than $20,000,000 has been spent for the 4,354 Rosenwald school units, including school houses, industrial shops and teachers' homes. Of this by far the largest amount, $12,156,438, has come from tax funds; white neighbors raised $903,252 by gifts; $3,333,852 came from Mr. Rosenwald personally or through the Fund; and the Negroes themselves have given $3,914,837 in dimes and quarters and dollars, a significantly larger amount than the Rosenwald contribution, aside from their gifts in labor. Every school, even the smallest, has at least one industrial or community room and at least two acres of land about its building for gardens and playground.

The story of the school on the Danielsville road begins far back of the Rosenwald idea, however. In 1900 Judia Jackson, just out of Atlanta University, came back to teach in the colored school of Athens. She first chose for the subject of her graduating thesis "The Equitable Distribution of Rights and of Property Among Individuals," but upon further thought renounced this over-ambitious subject and wrote on "The Future Opportunities for the Trained Teacher." These opportunities, she saw, did not begin or end in the schoolhouse but must grow out of the whole life of her people. From the days when she was a child she had often gone in summer to see cousins outside the city in this rolling stretch of cotton tenant farms and pines—a piece of land which once had belonged to the French aristocrat, Madame Gouvaine, friend of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, who had bartered it with General d'Estang for the island of Martinique. Mrs. Harris still cherishes a piece of the bodice Mme. Gouvaine once wore when she danced with Napoleon at a court ball, given her by the great lady's granddaughter. But the land had passed into the hands of other white folks, and in 1900 the Negroes farmed it as tenants.

Judia C. Jackson Harris, founder and principal of the school

They must own the land, the young teacher believed, if they were to work themselves out of the wandering and profitless life of the tenant. She drove out to the August camp meetings and talked to them the religion of thrift and education, of better farming, home ownership and a chance for their children. In a house crowded with shining faces, she asked those who owned land to hold up their hands. Only one wavered up, that of a man who had inherited four acres from his wife.

So an association was formed to organize land clubs, and the money came in by dimes and quarters. Judia Jackson refused to take charge of it herself, but she gave them her "religious promise" that not a penny would be lost. After the harvest, when the money for the crops came in, there were several dollars, a few ten-dollar additions, and one of $25. The first land club had accumulated $108 in its treasury when a forty-acre tract came on the market; they paid down $100 to secure it, had $8 for the lawyer's fees, and cleared off the remaining $250 in the next two years. Gradually 147 acres were bought in this way, and rented out until they were fully paid for, then divided among the club members by lot according to their contribution and the value of the various parcels, Judia Jackson taking her chances with the rest. The division, which might well have brought controversy to an older cooperative enterprise, was accomplished with amity and satisfaction. Ultimately as club after club was formed, the land owned by the Negro farmers grew to a total of 2,000 acres, and despite the hard times that have brought so many southern farms down to despair and defeat, most of this land is still held by the Negro owners.

With the acquisition of land came too the desire that had always been the driving motive of the young teacher—a real school, with a tight roof and well-lighted rooms and trained teachers, to take the place of the three miserable little shacks that went by the name of schools, two on church property, adjoining unpainted weather-bitten churches, one a decrepit log cabin with great

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Across the highway from the school Mrs. Harris built herself a home, where girls from remote cabins could board during the week, and where all might practise the gentle ways of living little known on the poverty-stricken farms

chinks where the wind and rain beat in. In Georgia the county pays the salary of the teacher in the little country schools, but it is up to the school district itself to provide and keep up the building, while the children buy their books —if they can. Hence the common practice of the school as an adjunct to the colored churches. Ordinarily money for a real school building is obtained by bonding the district, but the shifting group of white tenant farmers along the Danielsville Road and the absentee white landlords weren't interested in bonding to provide a school for colored children, and in elections it is the white vote that counts. It was more than an ordinary school which Judia Jackson had as her ideal—a school which would teach the whole community thrift and order and the gentler aspects of living which they had not known, which would be used as a meeting place for social gatherings, as the consecrated church buildings cannot serve in this country, and would in turn train girls and boys to make the most of their lives and to go out to teach others of their people likewise.

Judia Jackson was then principal in one of the city schools in Athens and through her work there she managed to interest northern friends. She offered four acres from her share in the land allotment for a site, the General Education Board gave $600 for the building and pledged the salary of a teacher for the first three years; the county helped with the equipment, and in 1903 the three-teacher frame building of the Clarke County Training School was built to serve the district which had been covered by the three meager little shacks. It was called a training school, for one of its specific aims was to train its graduates to go out to teach others—and as such it was the pioneer in a movement, since 1911 a chief interest of the John F. Slater Fund, which now numbers 328 county training schools in southern states. Judia Jackson resigned her city job to take charge of it. The following year she built herself a home on her land across the road from the school and went to live among her scholars and their families. Her house was open to them; her gleaming white bath-tub a center of interest and exhilarating adventure; her pictures and books their delight. Her kitchen was used in supplementing school work with instruction in home management, and from time to time girls who lived a distance from school came to board with her.

In the school building a library of 1,400 books was gradually accumulated to serve the pupils and the large community (even at the present time the city of Athens has no free public library, much less the smaller towns and mere settlements such as surrounded the Judia Jackson school). A rose hedge 200 feet long was planted along one side of the playground in front of the building; demonstration gardens were started behind, to one side of the big pile of wood that the parents haul in and the children chop to stove length; a white neighbor gave a cow to aid in the agricultural teaching; plays, parties and pageants became part of the program each spring, while the fall sees an agricultural fair, with exhibits of the prize livestock, garden products, handiwork and the like of neighbors as well as pupils; and canning and sewing classes for the women were organized evenings.

It was after the war, in 1920, that the Rosenwald Fund entered the story by providing $1,200 for re-modelling and modernizing the schoolhouse and building a new shop and vocational building, while

The vaccinating line forms in valiant array to meet the health officer and the county nurse

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Through the rural schools, the Clarke County Health Department brings its health lessons to the whole family, young, old, and middling

white and colored friends gave a little more than $1,200 to complete the necessary amount. Miss Judia Jackson that year became Mrs. Harris through her marriage to the principal of the first accredited colored highschool in the city. In the shop building a picture of Mr. Rosenwald looks down on the domestic science room, where the girls learn cooking and canning, and make clothing and attractive useful articles for their homes out of flour sacks or whatever other material is at hand. There still is no regular domestic science teacher, and that branch of the work is added to the classes in history, Latin, algebra, English, education and arithmetic which the principal herself carries with assistance from the two other women teachers. A second room provides the place for teaching carpentry and masonry.

Through the Smith-Hughes Act, the school gets a subsidy from federal funds to carry half the salary of the fourth teacher, a young man recently graduated from Tuskegee, who gives half his time to agricultural teaching and demonstration, working out farm projects with the children in their homes and on the school grounds. After Georgia passed its Barrett-Rogers Act in 1919, authorizing state subsidy to consolidated four-teacher rural schools which reached certain academic and vocational standards, the Clarke County Training School was the first in the county, white or colored, to qualify for its stated allotment of $500. For the past six years the school has received an annual appropriation from the Slater Fund, at first of $400 a year; and now, in accordance with the policy of the Fund to reduce subsides by easy stages, $200 a year.

All this has been slow—and not always smooth—sailing. The building was the best rural school in the county—white or colored—and one white element resented its hard-won prospering. As recently as 1927 the Commission on Interracial Cooperation in Atlanta reported that whereas Georgia spends an average of $25.84 each year for the education of each white child, for Negro children the corresponding amount is $5.78. Twenty-five years ago a good Negro school building was so unique as to seem almost outrageous. One night two white men passing in a buggy fired into the upper story of the teacher's house, though fortunately the bullet hit the outer woodwork and dropped to the porch. Fortunately, too, she was neither intimidated nor outwardly indignant; she told one or two responsible white and Negro leaders, so that the story might be on record if further trouble arose, but it was not known generally for years afterward. Another night two white men stopped their horse in front of her house, and one announced loudly that the "nigger" school ought to be burned. As she sat there tensely listening, the other drawled his agreement, but they contented themselves with raising their guns and firing through its windows.

DUE to the understanding leadership of the white community in Athens, Clarke County, however, has never experienced the darkest terrors of racial antagonism. This leadership and the respect among both the colored and white citizens was shown dramatically when a flaw in the chimney set fire to the school in 1924 and it burned to the ground. With it went the cherished rose hedge and the trees planted by the pupils, though they managed to save the shop. Again the General Education Board came to the rescue with a grant of $5,000 for the brick building which now stands on its site, and this time the county came forward with the substantial sum of $1,500, especially substantial in the years when boll weevil, crop failure, and ensuing bank failures have wracked the district.

The inter-racial committee in Athens called a mass meeting which pledged $500 on the spot, and Mrs. Harris took that list of donations and raised it to $1,000 by the end of the week in gifts from white and colored friends. The Negro Business Men's League in Athens pledged $200 and colored artisans in the city and the county gave their labor in the rebuilding. The Athens Rotary Club had the bricks hauled for the building and a Rotarian himself took charge of loading them on the trucks in the city. The Women's Club of Athens pledged itself to replace that precious library of 1,400 books; the shelves in the little room just inside the entrance are again well-stocked.

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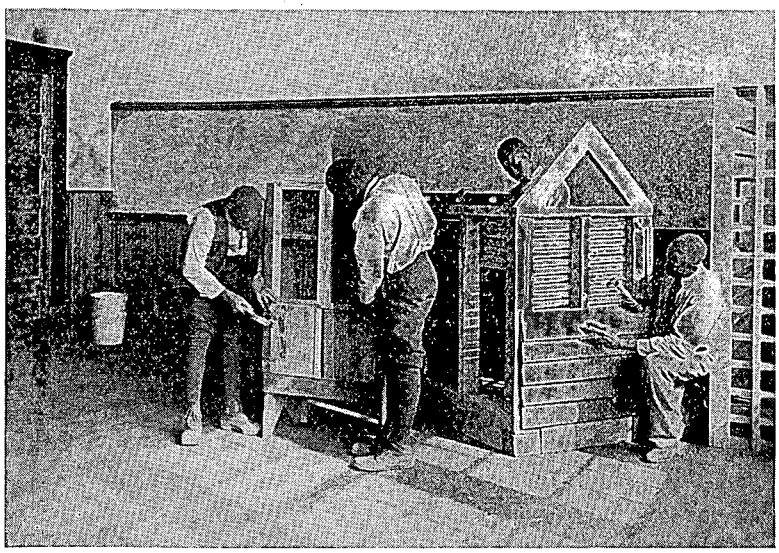
The overseer in charge of the road gang of convicts working outside on the new hard road brought his men in to re-grade the playground in front. And the white man, who had shot through the windows of the old schoolhouse so many years before, unknown to anyone but Mrs. Harris, came back to work for wages on the new building, though the boss of the bricklaying was a Negro.

To anyone accustomed to the homogeneous classrooms of consolidated schools in more prosperous country districts, it might seem that the Clarke County School was still struggling against almost insuperable obstacles. On a crisp sunny day I went back to the school with Dr. B. B. Bagby, director of the Athens and Clarke County Health Department. There had been a case of smallpox on a neighboring farm and he was trying again to round up unvaccinated children. The primary room was full that day—seventy odd children, sitting two and even three to a desk.

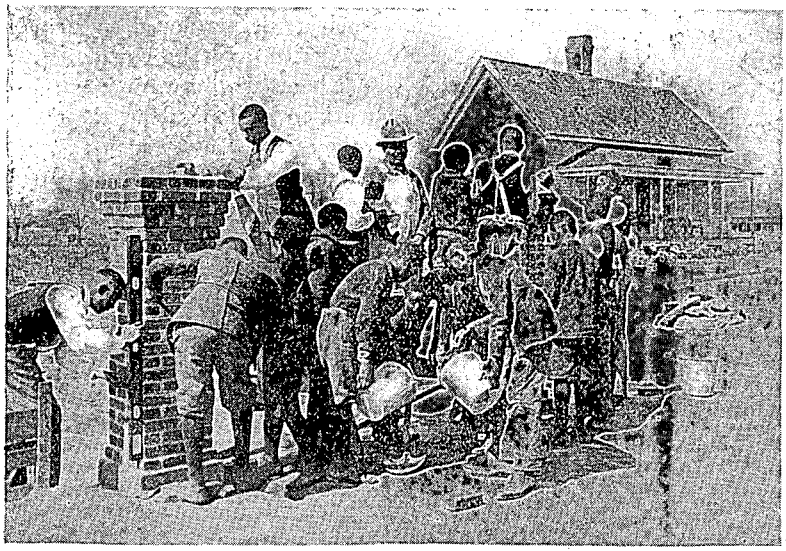
One teacher with three grades—with a class that fluctuates from a dozen to eighty or even more, from wriggling urchins up to big lumbering, self-conscious adolescents, without books for the children whose parents cannot afford to buy them—that would seem a super-human order in education.



Modern disciples of learning by doing would delight in watching carpentry and arithmetic dovetail in Hartwell's program

BUT watch Mrs. Ellen Wilson, crisply serene, separating the sheep—those with vaccination scars, from the goats without them who eyed the doctor's bag apprehensively; lining up the former, setting the others at the tasks that differed with each child. There were health charts for each, which had been made out by the nurses of the county health department when the regular health examinations were held in the schools. While the vaccinating line formed, she went over the charts with the doctor, noting his comments on teeth that needed filling, tonsils that required care, on records of underweight or other conditions that might make it hard for a child to learn. The sunny room was quiet and orderly despite its eighty occupants, despite the line, with anxious eyes and rolled-up sleeves, often ragged but almost without exception clean. The children filed past the doctor as he sat by the stove in the corner, administering a deft prick in each brown arm, while the teacher encouraged the fearful, reinforced the doctor's advice on teeth and tonsils and food as the health charts were reviewed, interpreted in turn to the doctor the conditions at home that had made it difficult or impossible for the parents to follow his advice, and at the same time kept a watchful eye and a helpful word for the others at their desks.

Here was a kind of education which faced its limitations frankly and cheerfully and proceeded capably to do its best—and a very capable best. It is significant that the doctors and nurses of the county health department, which has just concluded a five years' health demonstration in cooperation with the Commonwealth Fund, speak regretfully of the opportunities they lost during the interval between the burning of the old school and the building of the new, when there was no center in that district for their work, for the schoolchildren, for the babies and runabouts, whose clinics are held in the schoolhouse, and for the parents, educated through their children in the health of the entire family.



The Hartwell Training School is getting new gate-posts and its pupils are learning a trade which pays a good living locally

After the doctor had gone through the four rooms of the Judia Jackson school, he went on to the white school down the road, a little two-room frame building, scantily painted, the source of some of the resentment among white neighbors because it is of obviously lower caliber than the colored school. Soon it will be consolidated by the county in a big new school on the edge of the city, with school buses to take the children to and fro, but it is at least ten years behind the progress that the colored community has won for itself. The parents of these white children are mostly tenant farmers, here this year, gone the next.

The difficulties that teachers and health officers face from the tenant system were only too apparent; just before Christmas Dr. Bagby had got that school 100 per cent vaccinated, for the case of smallpox had been in a white family. Just after the holiday he came back to check up, and found that the school group had so shifted in the annual re-making of farm (*Continued on page 212*)

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New Schools Abroad

By GERTRUDE HARTMAN

IN October, 1889, a young man, named Cecil Reddie, opened Abbotsholme, a new school for boys, in Derbyshire, England. Not an especially remarkable event, one might think, but it was. This was a young man with unusual ideas, and the school was the first "new" school. Brought up in one of the famous public schools of England, and later a student at one of the great universities, young Reddie, a sensitive idealist, had suffered much from the ceaseless round of hard competitive cramming of studies in the class-room in the morning, followed by the hard competitive grind of sports on the playing fields in the afternoon, which go to make up the greater part of the day of the English schoolboy and youth.

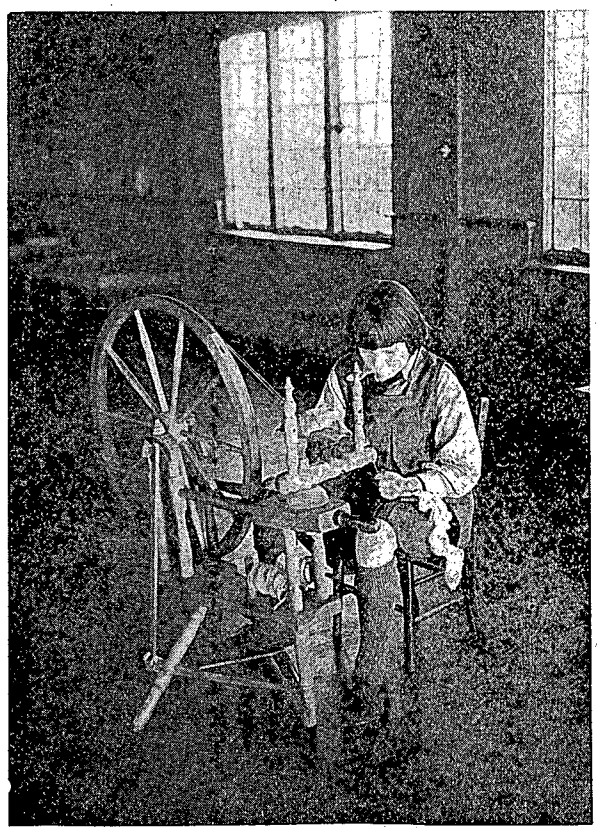
It was a time of heart sickness [he tells us]. Our education, instead of leading to unity and harmony, was producing, day by day, a feeling of hopeless division and discordance. The mass of conflicting principles which kept entering our minds, these we were left to coordinate as we might find possible, and from them construct a rule of conduct suited to our actual life. In class, while others attended more or less to the work in hand, I watched the living play before my eyes, striving to divine the motives which moved the actors in the drama.

My own problems were of this kind: What is this world? What is our real duty? Why do we learn this, and not that? And I wondered that neither boys nor masters seemed interested in such problems. . . . The mind was wearied by the attempt to realize the meaning of the subject-matter, and distracted by the unending excursions after dull grammatical rules. The atmosphere of such work was so unnatural and conventional that one was glad to look out of the windows and see the real trees and hills still there. . . . Nothing learned at school seemed to give a clue to the actual life of the big world.

Much more Dr. Reddie has to say along the same lines. How familiar it all sounds—just like a page out of one of last month's educational journals. It is difficult to believe that it was written forty years ago. Only the most advanced educators today are attempting to do the things that Reddie advocated. So long does it take new ideas to get over into practice.

Reddie had discovered that many other boys like himself had been starved in school when they should have been fed, and he resolved to open a school that would be "different," where his dreams and aspirations should find fulfilment. It was to be a school "to help create a higher type of human being, able to cope with the increasing extent and complexity of modern knowledge and modern life, and able by a better development of the affections to develop a more wholesome type of human society." Thus this young reformer set out upon his educational project, without, he tells us, knowing anything of the history or literature of education, and not aware to what extent other minds were working on the same problems.

Dr. Reddie chose a stately country-house set in spacious grounds, giving an atmosphere of dignity and culture to the school home. Beautiful country surrounded it, permitting a free and open life. Farm lands were part of the school estate. What were the ideas underlying this new experiment? As the central purpose was the harmonious development of the whole boy—mentally, physically, and spiritually—all the resources of the school were made to interact and thus reinforce one another to minister to this end. A great effort was made to show the use of what was taught. As part of their mathematics the boys kept the expenditures of the school and the accounts of the farm, the gardens, the food, and the fuel. Practical experience in surveying was carried on in connection with work in map-making, and the country-side, with its hills and vales, its spreading meadow lands, its woods and brooks and winding river, were an ever-open text-book in geography and nature study. In all studies progress was from direct contact with the concrete and particular to the more abstract generalizations, and planned so as to give successively deeper and deeper analyses of life and the world.



A lesson in history, geography, home economics and handcraft at the spinning wheel at Bedales

There was always plenty of work to be done about the place: engineering jobs, such as the making and draining of roads or building a bridge across the river; the making of a duck pond or a pigeon cote. Things needed by the school were made in the work-shop, where a great variety of arts and crafts was carried on. The long free afternoons were spent in riding, or in various games, or in pursuing a particular hobby, or in boating and swimming in the river. The evenings, instead of being devoted to the customary preparation of work for the following day, were

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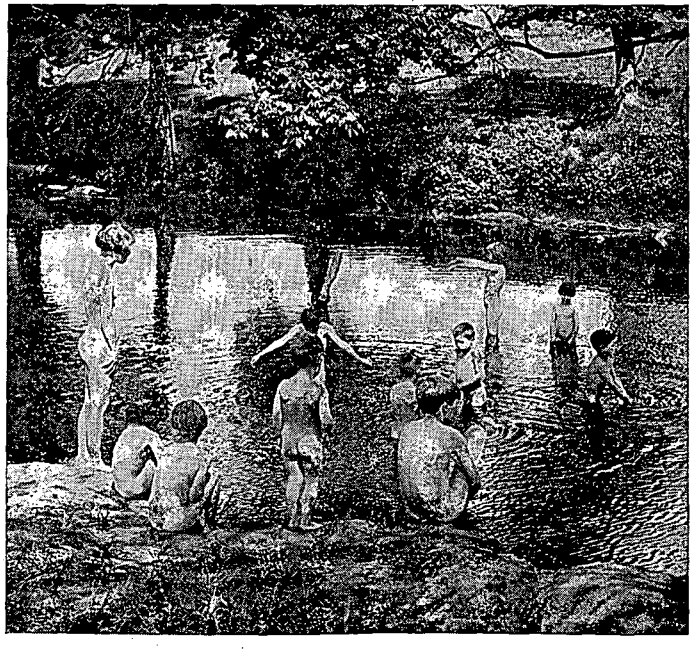
given over to social recreations, to dramatic entertainments of various sorts, reading fine literature aloud, music by the school orchestra, and so on.

Social science developed out of this school community life. Cooperating with his fellows, indoors and out, in work and in play, a boy learned through experience the fundamental principles upon which human society operates, and came to see himself in relationship to the society of which he was a part. The natural sciences were derived largely from work on the place: gardening, agriculture, care of the farm animals. Every kind of farm work was carried on by the boys and the teachers: planting and trimming trees, cultivating crops, bee culture, and perhaps most enjoyed of all, hay-making, terminating in the Harvest Home, when, with full procession of the whole school, with songs and music, the last load was brought up from the meadow and stacked in the barn.

The "gospel of potato digging," the skeptics called it, quite unused to the idea of gentlemen's sons indulging in such lowly occupations. Nevertheless the school grew and flourished and brought forth others after its kind.

Working with Mr. Badley in the book bindery at Bedales, founded thirty years ago as the first coeducational boarding school in England

In 1892 J. H. Badley, who had been associated with Dr. Reddie, founded Bedales somewhat along the same lines; but he went a step further and entered upon the still more daring experiment of establishing a co-educational boarding-school. Boys and girls must grow up together in life, they must cooperate with one another as men and women, Mr. Badley reasoned. Will this not be facilitated if they have learned common attitudes of mind and thought through being educated together? Now, after thirty years' trial, Mr. Badley declares that co-education is the foundation stone of his educational faith. "It is the natural and logical outcome of our view of education as a training for the whole of life by means of the fullest possible range of experience," he says.



Woodlings at the pool Priory Gate School where girls and boys swim together without self-consciousness

SO today we have the great co-educational boarding-school of Bedales, one of the finest examples of the "new" schools. There the girls and boys work side by side where interests of many kinds—scientific, literary, artistic, and practical—find abundant opportunity for expression. In the afternoon one may see them riding together, playing tennis, hockey or cricket, or investigating together the riches, natural and historical, that the surrounding country-side has to offer. The evenings are free for acting, dancing, music, and lectures. Throughout it all is developed a boy-and-girl relationship that is normal and wholesome, comradely and straightforward. For thirty years Bedales has been at work building up a school tradition fostering this attitude, and discouraging unwholesome sentimentality.

Dr. Lietz, another master and a German, left Abbotsholme in 1898 to establish at Ilsenburg, at the foot of the Harz Mountains, a school of similar type which he called a *Landerziehungsheim,* or boarding-school in the country, to distinguish it from the customary *Gymnasium* with its barrack life, situated in the towns.

"Let us take the children from the deleterious environment of the city," said Lietz, "from the scholastic and medieval atmosphere which suffocates them. Open air, freedom, an instruction which appeals to the reason rather than to the memory, an education which forms character, which gives youth independence and prepares them for a life of action and initiative—these are the desiderata of education." In 1901 he founded a second school at Haubinda in Thuringia, and in 1914 a third for older students, at Bieberstein near Fulda.

Paul Geheeb who had directed Haubinda, founded with Herr Wyneken the free *Schulgemeinde* of Wickersdorf. Later, in 1910, he founded another school, the Odenwald school, near lovely old Heidelberg. This is one of the finest

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Hof-Oberkirch, located in the mountains near Zurich, is one of Switzerland's many educational experiments. Here building the new swimming pool was made an engineering project in which the whole school took part

"new" schools of Germany. Here a hundred boys and girls, rich and poor, grow up together, working together in the laboratories, studios, workshops and gardens, and on week-ends they go off on long tramps through the beautiful country. There are eight dwelling-houses, picturesquely named after some of the great men of Germany: Goethe, Herder, Schiller, and so on, where groups of children live *en famille* with a house-mother or father.

The French sociologist, M. Demolins, chancing to meet Dr. Reddie, was much impressed by his ideas, and in 1899 established École des Roches, the first "new" school in France. This school, under the able far-seeing leadership of M. Georges Bertier, has become one of the outstanding schools of the country, carrying out many ideas that to French conventions are revolutionary in character. However, in spite of the early efforts of M. Demolins to introduce the new education into France, it has not yet taken hold there to any great extent, on account of the rigid official curriculum. The three best known of these schools are École des Roches, École de l'Ile de France, and Collège de Normandie modelled after it.

Bunnies and gardens for the little ones-to-sixes at the Decroly School, Brussels

Thus, like an endless chain, the new school movement spread through Europe, and now dotted all over England, Germany, Austria and Switzerland there are any number of these experiments.

In England there are among others, St. Christopher's, Frensham Heights, the Farmhouse School, and the Garden School. In Switzerland there is Glarisegg on the shore of Lake Constance, and not far away the beautiful Chateau of Kefikon; in the mountains near Zurich is Hof-Oberkirch; in the vicinity of Geneva is a whole group: the International School, the Fellowship School, Chailly and Châtaigneraie.

From Belgium has gone forth another powerful stream of educational influence. In Brussels, Dr. Ovide Decroly has for years been working out his ideas, first in a school for defective children, then in a private experimental school, and now in the public schools. Dr. Decroly was educated as a physician. He is also a psychologist. He therefore approaches the problem of the education of children with a rich background of child-study both from a biological and a psychological point of view. His methods are more suggestive of the type of work done in the newer schools in this country than anything else in Europe. He realizes the necessity for making the child the center of any really educative scheme. "Or-

Courtesy International Institute of Teachers College

Work of a pupil at École des Roches

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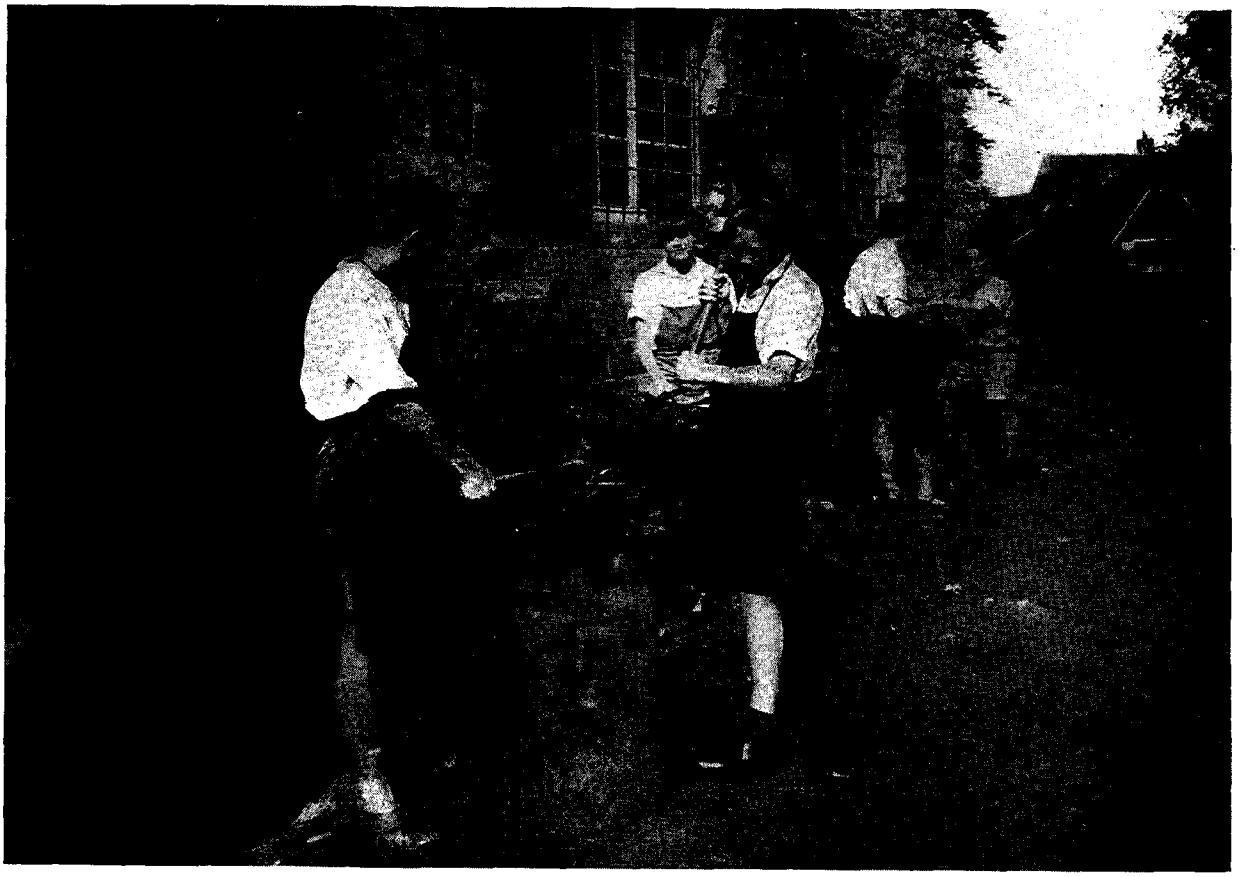

Paul Geheeb is the head of Odenwaldschule, near Heidelberg, where a hundred boys and girls, rich and poor, grow up together, living in cottage groups, en famille, with a house-mother or father

ganize the environment to afford stimuli for the tendencies favorable to development," is the watch-word of his work.

Abandoning the set subjects of the traditional course of study, he asks himself the question: "What is it that all children need to know?" in order to arrive at the organizing principle of his curriculum. The answer is: "The child needs to know about himself and the world in which he finds himself." This answer makes society and nature the framework within which the curriculum is built up.

The vastness and complexity of the field is overcome by making the subject program a highly flexible, day-to-day affair, developed in the classroom around "centers of interest," in accordance with the children's expanding needs and capacities. Activities, both individual and group, are set in motion, and the children's natural curiosity leads them to observe, to collect, and to experiment. Daily experiences are thus made to yield material for generalizations of the children's own formulation.

LACK of space prohibits description of many other valuable educational experiments in Europe. Although they vary widely, all of these new schools have certain great basic principles in common. They were inspired and are carried on by educational seers who have caught a vision of a new world in the making and are in revolt against the old systems of education which stifled natural powers instead of promoting their growth. Educational reform is largely bound up with the new social movement, so it is not so much in their educational technique—which to our more pedagogical American minds sometimes seems a bit old-fashioned—as in the spirit and intention of these schools that their true significance is to be found.

Courtesy International Institute of Teachers College

Bieberstein, a German new school

It is the belief of the advocates of this new philosophy that out of these communities of children, where there is a genuinely cooperative scheme of living and where the unique natural resources of personality are conserved and developed, will emerge a more lovely society, of highly differentiated individuals in harmonious relationship, each contributing his creative powers to the life of the whole. Indeed it takes little conversion to believe that out of an education such as is provided in these schools, if it were generally prevailing, would blossom the spirit which would enable the peoples of the world to solve the mighty problems which the future will propose to them.

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Face to face with adult education

Schools for Grown-Ups

By JEFFERSON MOSLEY

"A UNIVERSITY for adults within walking or trolley-car distance of everybody in town" is the ideal which is being agitated by University of Wisconsin extension workers in Milwaukee. An exaggerated kind of slogan, presupposing a most unusual intellectual enthusiasm on the part of the Milwaukee masses?

Perhaps, taken literally. And yet . . . if there existed an institution not too far from your own home, where professors were brainy without being too schoolmasterish, approachable but not too inquisitive into your scholastic past, where degrees and examinations were things that you could leave alone without scandal, where you could ride your favorite hobby for an evening or two a week or could learn something definite about Molière or metaphysics or the planetesimal hypothesis or behaviorism or the difference between classicism and romanticism in art, or could improve your technique of earning your bread and butter, where you stood a good chance of meeting a congenial group having like interests . . . would you drop in on such a place occasionally? If so, you have the infection of modern adult education.

Milwaukee's "university within walking distance" consists today of a very utilitarian-looking seven-story building of clean brick and concrete in the heart of the city. This new University of Wisconsin extension center was first opened to classes in September, 1928. At all hours of the day its doors swing to the goings and comings of some 3,000 men and women who are using it for cultural and technical education. Of its students 75 per cent are above 21 years of age, a number in the 50's and 60's. The average age is about 28.

The construction of the new building is the culmination of a long period of working and hoping. For more than forty years the University of Wisconsin has conducted adult classes in Milwaukee—at first in a room or a shop corner here and there, afterwards in a succession of rented quarters—until in the last six years enrollments overflowed the four available floors of a downtown office building. Legislative appropriations were at length forthcoming through which the extension center is now housed in its modern $350,000 building, planned and equipped to meet the needs of university extension and its distinctive purpose—adult education.

The new structure is to be the nucleus of a more impressive mass of four units, itself part of a unified mid-city grouping of public architecture.

The dedicatory exercises of the first unit took the form of an adult education rally. In the municipal auditorium, before a gathering that represented educational and civic leadership and the general public, the governor of Wisconsin presented the building to the people, the mayor of Milwaukee accepted it on behalf of his fellow citizens, and President Glenn Frank took it over in the name of the university, devoting it to the service of adult education and the enlargement of individual and community life.

PEOPLE began to sign up for the new semester the same evening, and when enrollment was completed a few days later it was found that 3,323 had registered for evening courses and 311 in the day school—an advance of 33 per cent and 50 per cent, respectively, over the figures for the same period of the preceding year.

The Milwaukee extension center is devoted primarily to the instruction of self-supporting persons who are seeking education in spare time. Many ambitious youths from outside the city who find in an industrial community more opportunities for employment than exist in the conventional college town are coming to the center. The institution encourages this type of student from all parts of the state.

Naturally, the evening classes enroll the greatest numbers and offer the widest diversity of courses. The groups that

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assemble at seven-fifteen in classroom, drafting room, and laboratory for two hours of work and discussion represent a fair cross section of Milwaukee's industrial, business, and cultural life. Here are found accountants, clerks, contractors, engineers, factory hands, insurance agents, managers, nurses, stenographers, surveyors, taxi drivers, and workers from two hundred other occupations and professions. Men outnumber women about two to one. There are over half as many married as single men, but only one-sixteenth as many married as single women. There are no "Americanization" classes. Of every 100 of these adults 44 were born in the city of Milwaukee; 26 are natives of Wisconsin born outside Milwaukee; and 22 are natives of other states of the union, leaving a foreign-born representation of 8 per cent in the student body.

More than two-thirds of the evening students—68 per cent—are studying for occupational and broadly cultural ends, as against 32 per cent who have specific college degrees in view. No degrees are granted at the Milwaukee institution. The large group who are studying toward degrees have to go elsewhere for at least their final year of work, but they find in the evening school curriculum a considerable range of subjects to help them on their way—languages, sociology, history, mathematics, chemistry, physics, and so on.

Seventy or more students are taking courses leading to teachers' certificates. Mechanical, electrical, architectural, and structural engineering subjects are taught in twenty-two courses to a total class membership of nearly 500, while business courses attract a thousand more.

BUT does adult education mean only work, more work, and better work, with here and there a hard-won degree for the scholar, or is there such a thing as enlightened leisure in present and future America? In a recent questionnaire a thousand Milwaukee adult students were asked the question, "Why are you attending university extension classes?" Nearly half of them expressed a cultural motive more or less clearly. "For culture," 69 answered, frankly. "For a liberal education," 101 declared. "To keep abreast of the times" was the aim of twelve. Eleven said that study was their "hobby" or "pastime," while others wished to gain self-confidence, to make broader contacts, or to keep up habits of study.

More varied and even more significant were the benefits the respondents stated that they had received from these classes. Among the replies were: "General knowledge and information"; "a broader viewpoint"; "incentive to study"; "mental stimulus"; "new ideas"; "a new goal"; "a lift out of the rut"; "inferiority banished"; "faculties developed"; "interest in the community awakened"; "a more tolerant attitude"; "appreciation of life," and many others of the same general drift.

To meet the ideals embodied in such replies, a new series of courses was inaugurated in the university extension evening school this fall. The project was planned by a university committee that included Glenn Frank, Alexander Meiklejohn, Chester D. Snell, Joseph K. Hart, W. H. Lighty, V. A. C. Henmon, J. H. Kolb, and the co-directors of the Milwaukee institution, M. R. Schnaitter and Charles M. Purin.

THE underlying principles and aims of these "Foundations of Liberal Education" courses were summed up by the committee:

> To give an opportunity for adults to acquire an education that involves more than the obtaining of information and skill, or credit toward an academic degree—an education that will lead to emancipation from a "drifting-with-the-group" opinion; an education that will engender a capacity for self-criticism; and above all, an education that will create a feeling for the things that make life richer and more significant.

The initial courses are seven in number, chosen from six germane fields of cultural interest that form the long-time groundwork of the whole program, namely philosophy, social science, history, language and literature, art, biological and physical science. The class period in each course is two hours and comes one evening a week. An intelligent interest in the subject matter is the only requirement for entrance. Recitation-marks are dispensed with. A certificate in liberal education is offered to those who carry through a succession of courses to completion, but working for a certificate is not required. In fact, the only rigid requirements imposed are those affecting the quality of the teaching offered; there a high standard was imposed at the outset.

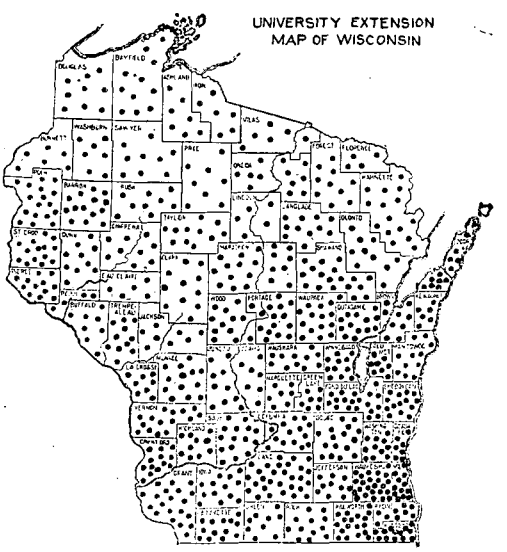
The courses fall into three groups—first, those in which the lecture is the main feature, discussion being restricted to a "question-box" period at the end; second, those in which the lecture is accompanied by round-table discussion; third, cooperative project courses in which the instructor functions chiefly as guide and adviser. Attendance on courses of the third type necessarily limits itself to those who have time to devote to rather careful preparation; the others, in which much or little outside reading may be done, appeal to larger numbers. Following is the beginning program of the series:

1. Lecture-question courses—
   - The Appreciation of Painting and Sculpture.
   - The Nature of the World and of Man, a survey of the physical and biological sciences, conducted by sixteen University of Chicago scientists, authors of the book from which the course is named.
2. Lecture-discussion courses—
   - Philosophers from Plato to the Present Day.
   - Home Planning and Decorating.
3. Cooperative project courses—
   - Social Problems.
   - The Bible as Literature.
   - Masterpieces of French Literature in English Translation.

That the city was interested in this experiment in liberalized adult education was proved by the speedy enrollment of a membership of 461—workers, students, business men, clerks, housewives, connoisseurs and amateurs in arts and letters—all keen to have a part in the new studies free of academic forms.

University extension day classes

(*Continued on page 214*)



Each of the 808 dots marks a Wisconsin community that used one or more adult education services from the university last year

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Human Relations at Yale

By DONALD SLESINGER

THE Institute of Human Relations at Yale is primarily the reaction of two deans of professional schools to the backgrounds and attitudes of experts in the human sciences. Law has been experimenting with human behavior for centuries, elaborating a psychology of common sense that is not always successful in action. In the short time medicine has been concerned with the whole person it has come to believe that intelligent therapy will not concentrate on a diseased organ, but will take into account the entire physiological and social adjustment of the patient. Clearly the new law and the new medicine will require a sound science of human relations as a basis upon which to build.

With that in mind the two deans asked fellow scientists how people behaved in certain social situations. They received two kinds of reply. On the one hand they were presented with a number of discrete studies, correlations of two or three variables, and told that they might, if they had time and inclination, construct a synthetic picture of human activity out of these raw materials. The scientists themselves were not primarily interested in the total situation and had developed no techniques for its study. On the other hand they were given so-called case studies from the clinical standpoint which seemed remarkably complete and just as remarkably unscientific. They were useful therapeutically, perhaps, but fell somewhat short where research or pedagogy was the major objective.

The inadequacies of a synthetic science of human and social relations have been felt for a number of years by leading sociologists, anthropologists, psychologists and economists, but it was difficult to see what to do about it. A possible solution was cooperative research, and that was plunged into without a clear realization that it meant the development of a new methodology. The result was a rather futile attempt to add together items of information that could only be properly evaluated by the expert who had collected them. By super-imposing the statistical method of this random collection of items from different points of view the entire experiment was given a specious mathematical certainty. Anything that Burroughs and Holarith machines could manipulate was pretty close to being exact science. A correlation of +.7321 with cases running into the tens of thousands—that was science par excellence.

A little analysis showed on what an insecure basis these hopes rested. Burroughs and Holarith could add, but they were not wired to evaluate. Take a problem as simple as determining the number of families in a community. The census considers two brothers living alone a family, but rules out a man living with and supporting his illegitimate children. What census takers throw into Burroughs would be rather different from what an economist or psychologist would contribute. Holarith raises even more delicate problems. It won't do to punch cards and work out a correlation between psycho-neuroses and failure to adjust to life when psychiatrists are as unclear on the former as sociologists are on the latter; or where one concept is often vaguely defined in terms of the other. The net result in both cases will be a figure, but at best it will be arithmetical—nothing but a number of things, neither well defined nor necessarily relatable.

The social scientists who felt that something was wrong knew what was needed. They attempted to go about meeting that need by enabling young Ph.D's to spend a year or two browsing around a neighboring discipline, or working on a project that required a knowledge of fields outside their specialty.

The administrative mind rushes in where the scientist is loath to tread. The two deans could only visualize the new science in terms of a group of carefully chosen men and women working together on a single campus, and with a more or less single purpose. They were not daunted by the fact that such an endeavor was, in itself, a delicate problem in human relations. The deans were businesslike—the thing had been successfully achieved by German industrial chemists, and by such American laboratories as the American Telephone and Telegraph and the General Electric. If business and natural science could do it there was no reason why universities and social sciences could not also. An executive committee was formed and, as a first proof of its practical understanding of human relations, it convinced a foundation administered by sober scientists that there was some value in the idea.

In order to limit the methodological problems at the outset, and to stem the tide of startling suggestions that kept flowing in, the institute decided to center its early activities on studies of family relations. Here every conceivable kind of social and human scientific technique might be brought to bear; and by stating the problem in terms of the family the first step in breaking down rigid disciplinary divisions has

How do people behave—and why? Increasingly we find that it is not enough humbly to admit our vagaries and ask divine forgiveness for them. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, parents, social workers—we all need to understand the springs of human behavior and how far and by what means we can control it. It is in this broad field that the newly organized and well endowed Institute of Human Relations at Yale University will attempt to function. In this article some of its aims, plans and problems are discussed and the subject and method of its first study announced. Here, obviously, is pioneering of first-rate importance to all the professions and particularly to the theories and methods of social work and of social work training.

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been taken. The questions asked were not what are the economic, or psychological or sociological aspects of the family, but rather what problems does the institution have to face, and how can we go about finding how it faces them?

That questioning state might have been everlasting had it not been for the executive committee. They wanted to make discussion concrete; to do that it was necessary to start with a study in a more or less restricted field, and then, as one of the members likes to put it—"round it out." Inquiry brought to light two investigators of broad background and training who wished to undertake a study that was peculiarly appropriate because it not only centered on the family but was of the utmost importance legally, medically and "social scientifically." It seemed to be a good nucleus around which a number of related studies might grow. It not only challenged scientific imagination, but also tied it down to something realistic, something that would force deliberation into action.

THESE two investigators, Dr. Healy and Dr. Bronner, for many years have been impressed with the inadequacy of treating individual young delinquents out of their social and cultural context and without treating that context also. Other groups have had and acted on this hunch; but Healy and Bronner felt the need of investigating before appearing with a program.

The project was first generalized by making it more than a study of delinquency. The title, Family Factors in Child Adjustment, indicates its scope. What family factors will be studied depends on how the problem develops. At the outset, because of the facilities of the institute, there are no limitations. On the immediate staff are Healy, a psychiatrist, Bronner, a psychologist, Gilden, a psychiatrist with a keen interest and background in neuro-physiology, and two case investigators. Besides this staff there are available for routine or special studies the resources of the Medical School, the Psycho-Educational Clinic and of the Institute of Psychology. The Law School has assigned students of the family and criminal law, who will contribute the legal studies necessary in return for a vast amount of medico-social data which will increase their efficiency as teachers or administrators of family and criminal law.

That, of course, brings us only to the threshold of the methodological problem. In spite of the breaking down of the conceptual divisions the men and women on the institute staff will have had most of their training in one or another of them. The administrative solution creates all sorts of intellectual and personal difficulties that would frighten any one but an executive. And the disciplines involved might well give one pause. It is pertinent to ask how one can expect a scientific contribution from psychiatry and sociology, the least scientific of the sciences. They have worked out no satisfactory methodology of their own; both are notoriously under the thumb of practitioners with no scientific or logical training. What can they contribute to a science of human relations? There is no answer at present, and the institute will have justified its existence if it does nothing more than solve that problem. The members of the staff are committed to nothing but a careful investigation of investigating. It is not unlikely that several of the group may concentrate on that aspect of it, studying not only the material collected, and the ways of collecting it, but the personalities of the collectors. These fallible instruments need to be checked and rechecked as often as calipers or thermometers. It is safe to assume that the greatest factor of unreliability in the human and social sciences is the personal equation of the observer. The substitution of finely graduated instruments of precision advocated by such people as Watson is at best a partial solution, for most of the things that are susceptible of nice measurement are either irrelevant, or meaningless outside of a total context which can not be weighed and measured.

Certain guides suggest themselves at the beginning although they may be discarded later on. They are methodological hypotheses which seem to, but may not be, useful in investigations. The first concerns the data to be recorded. If the psychiatrist notes his diagnosis and the sociologist his home index, let us say, we shall merely have a collection of theories. It is necessary, therefore, to insist on a careful search for verifiable, comparable items. It is not enough to say that this delinquent child came from a broken home. Instead there must be recorded that this twelve-year-old boy who played baseball on Sunday is the son of a woman who is the sole support of her family because her husband deserted her. Then when controls are sought they will not be incomparable conceptual controls, lumping together the Sunday-blue-law violator with a boy who steals from the "five and ten;" and the deserted woman with another who maintains a separate domicile because she wishes to maintain her independence. They will, as far as possible, be comparable, verifiable items of social and individual behavior. If Holarith is to help us we must reduce our observations to the lowest common comparable terms.

The second hypothesis that seems useful has been set down by W. I. Thomas. For the purpose of the Healy-Bronner study it may be paraphrased as follows: no personality difficulty or social condition however bad can alone be the cause of a delinquent career. It is only when we see the interaction between the two that we can formulate a law. A feebleminded child may adjust properly to certain social conditions while dire poverty will frequently serve as a stimulus to a person of a certain personality make-up. The genesis of any behavior pattern or social condition is always persons plus culture, never either one of them acting alone.

THE breakdown of air-tight divisions of science has important educational bearings. In order not to lose sight of them it has been arranged that every member of the institute staff will be appointed to a fundamental university department. Members of the Healy-Bronner staff, for example, are members of the faculties of law, medicine, social science and psychology. And students in the various departments will acquire a broader background than was heretofore possible, by associating and working with the institute investigators. This will prevent the crystallization of an academic psychology and social science, or a narrow, professional law and medicine. It will make possible an integration of theory and practice in the best sense, because under the control of a single group.

In the Law School it may be possible for students to prepare themselves for work in the fields of juvenile and domestic relations either as judges, or practicing attorneys, or with cooperation of other groups as psychiatrists or sociologists. They may acquire the training necessary to administer criminal law, and penal institutions. In other words, the Institute of Human Re- (*Continued on page* 214)

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"And we went into war"

Drawing by J. H. Donahey

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Tents of the Mighty

By DONALD RICHBERG

Drawings by J. H. Donahey

ON August 1, 1914, a young German officer limped across my living room, testing a leg that had been broken in the spring. "I must get my leg strong for the Kaiser", he said with a boyish grin. His uncle had been chancellor of the Empire. His father, General von Bülow, commanded the Second Army, which was soon to smash through Belgium and drive across France to the Marne.

"When are you leaving"? I asked.

"Just as soon as we get the word from the consul. We saw him again this afternoon."

"What do you think is going to happen? Is all Europe going in? How long can it last"? The questions sounded silly. But then the idea of a general European war seemed incredible. Von Bülow answered slowly.

"It all depends on England. If England doesn't go in we are all right. If England goes in, I'm afraid it will be very hard for us. Oh, no one knows, but I can't believe England will go in."

The artillery captain and cavalry officer who were with him nodded solemnly.

However, England did go in; and, long after Von Bülow had plunged to death in his crumpled plane, the United States also went in. Here, as everywhere, the delicate flame in progressivism was swallowed in the red glare of war. But in the first years of Wilson's administration there had been quite a blaze fanned by the victorious Democracy. Even in this retrospect of my somewhat partisan adventures a tribute should be paid to the gallant group of Democrats who, after sixteen years of peerless leadership to defeat, were still able to mobilize an impressive army of volunteers behind Wilson in 1912. Following such conspicious figures as Bryan, Lane, Brandeis, Baker, McAdoo, and Daniels, there were hosts of young enthusiasts who would have sung hymns with the Progressives in August, 1912, if they had not been able to nominate Wilson at Baltimore in July. Indeed, I must personally acknowledge having received as much aid and comfort in progressive struggles of the last twenty years from Wilson Democrats as from Roosevelt Republicans.

IF, from the Roosevelt camp, with somewhat jealous eyes, we watched the progressive Democracy create a tariff commission, a federal reserve system and a federal trade commission; and write laws to promote the welfare of wage-earners, to protect seaman and to prohibit child labor, at least we were compelled to join in the applause.

Persistently the progressive Democrats urged the Roosevelt leaders to join them in advancing the Wilson two-party strategy: liberal Democrats opposing conservative Republicans. A third, progressive party should be discouraged. Eventually many of our old companions in arms, such as Colby and Costigan and Murdock, "went Democratic," particularly after the Progressive Party collapsed in 1916. Thus they were able to render effective public service during and after the war. And somehow the chill-eyed Wilson inspired an awed devotion very different from the respectful but familiar enthusiasm around our magnetic "Teddy" who, by the way, was never called "Teddy" except by strangers!

No review of the progressive movement in my time should ignore the worshipping host that followed Wilson. His written and spoken elequence played upon their emotions; but his achievements gave them more lasting joy. Presidents have struggled with Congress, have fought and bled with Congress, have wept and laughed and sulked at Congress. But Woodrow Wilson alone within recent memory dominated Congress—for a long time. And that spectacle extraordinarily enthused his friends and scared his enemies.

A LaFollette leader, who had come into intimate association with the President, whispered to me, as though fearing to be overheard: "Ye Gods! But he is radical. If our friends in Wall Street knew the things he thinks—and sometimes even says—they wouldn't be sleeping peacefully tonight." Fortunately for their slumbers, these gentlemen probably had forgotten (or did not think Wilson really meant) what he had said in 1912:

> We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world—no longer a government by conviction and vote of the majority, but a government by the opinion and duress of small groups of dominant men.

My own acquaintance with those whom Woodrow Wilson trusted—and with labor leaders to whose efforts he gave powerful aid—makes me think that what he said in 1912 he believed as long as he lived.

Mr. Bryan, "knocked into a cocked hat" in the Department of State, must have smiled grimly when he remembered the charges brought against his "ruthless" leadership; and as he watched the chill precision with which his chief moved the bewildered politicians around on the "checkerboard of nights and days." With even more grim amusement he must have watched the play against Roosevelt. First came the period of domestic legislation, when our carefully worked out, well advertised Progressive program became a Democratic program largely enacted into laws to witness the advance and triumph of Wilsonian Democracy.

Then came the issue of preparedness, with Roosevelt going out to arouse the countryside and Wilson quietly waiting to take the command of the minutemen, when ever they should rally to the call to arms in sufficient numbers to constitute a dangerous opposition—or a useful supporting army.

When Roosevelt started his preparedness campaign in 1915 it was at the ebb tide of his popularity. The Progressive Party was dying and this campaign, particularly in the beginning, tended to hasten its demise. Roosevelt cherished

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no delusion that it was a popular issue. His political analysis is given in the following extract from a letter dated September 4, 1915:

I think you are exactly right. I believe that I have helped wake the people up. I believe also that in doing it I have increased the animosity to me personally; and I am sorry to say it is impossible Wilson will not profit by what I have done, because . . . he . . . will now bow enough to the inevitable to make some recommendations for half-preparedness; and the American people will then credit it to him for righteousness.

You really please me when you say that you do not believe that I care for the political cost to myself. My dear Richberg, I think I can conscienciously say that I have always been willing to sacrifice my own political chances for a national object which I consider of sufficient weight. But in addition I feel at present that there isn't any sacrifice about it. It is utter folly for any man to think of my holding political position again; and there is the great compensating advantage that this enables me to speak with entire freedom without feeling that thereby I am damaging faithful followers with whose fortunes my fortunes are entangled.

Convinced of his own unpopularity, determined at any cost to defeat Wilson for reelection, but resolved not to be forced into support of a reactionary Republican, Roosevelt made it clear to friends and foes alike that if the Republicans nominated such a man as Hughes in 1916, he would not run as a Progressive and he would support the Republican nominee. Some of his friends sought to prevent this committal in the winter of 1915. (To aid these efforts I made a special trip to Oyster Bay in December.) But T. R.s' mind was set. The nomination of Hughes became a practical certainty and the death of the Progressive Party was inevitable. The two conventions were called for the same June day in the same city, Chicago. As a columnist wrote, the Progressive Party advertised that it would be on a certain corner at a certain time, wearing a red carnation, and that its intentions were matrimonial!

"It was no time to ask what we were fighting for"

That hot summer of 1916 holds three special memories for me. First, came a sudden illness putting me in bed for ten days, where I wrote with pain and perspiration, but with a desperate enthusiasm, the key-note speech of the Progressive convention. It was really the funeral oration of Roosevelt progressivism. There were peculiar reasons known only to a few that brought about this particular collaboration. It would have remained a secret, but the generous orator who invoked and delivered the address (Raymond Robins) unexpectedly revealed its authorship when he introduced me at a banquet held the first day of the convention. Since therefore, it was my function to explain where the Progressive Party was going when it was about to die, I ought to be somewhat qualified, some thirteen years later, to tell where it went: Also, eight years after the demise, I personally conducted the ghost through the LaFollette-Wheeler Progressive Convention—my spiritual office being technically described as chairman of the resolutions committee.

The second heated memory of 1916 has more historical significance. While Candidate Hughes was on his disastrous tour, long and violent telegrams forced me to make a protest to his campaign manager. It appeared that the old-guard Republicans had taken control of the California machinery and were planning the state campaign so as to ignore and injure the friends of Governor Hiram Johnson as much as possible. This internal warfare was endangering the national ticket. So, armed with imperative credentials, I had a long talk with Chairman Wilcox of the Republican National Committee. Then and there I saw how and why the campaign could be (and was to be) lost. "What can I do? What can I do?" was the chairman's futile cry. Apparently, all over the country the old-guard forces were using their knives on the Progressives who had "reunited" with them. Progressive votes were welcome; but in state after state, the recovery of local political control was more important to the small-fry office-holders than the national ticket. So Johnson and the Progressives were flouted in California—and California was lost—and Hughes lost— and we reelected the man who "kept us out of war"— and promptly went into war! My interview with Wilcox in Chicago, trying to prevent the California debacle long before it occurred, is just another instance of the hole in the dike and the small boy whose thumb wasn't big enough to stop the sea!

There was another small-boy-at-the-dike episode during the campaign. A partially representative group of German-Americans had obtained an understanding with the national Republican organization, by which they expected to receive more favorable treatment under Hughes than under Wilson. Hearing that Roosevelt was to deliver a special blast at "hyphenated-Americans" in Chicago, this group protested to the campaign committee, which, without giving the real reasons for the change, induced T. R. to agree to substitute a special "labor" speech for the Chicago meeting. Simultaneously Roosevelt's friends and his political enemies learned of the trick. A Democratic paper, in possession of the story, prepared to follow up the Chicago speech with a tremendous exposé, picturing the Republican organization, with the connivance of Roosevelt, deliberately carrying on a "pro-German" campaign to elect Hughes and to reverse the alleged "pro-Ally" policy of Wilson. Bad faith toward Roosevelt was about to result in a serious injury to the Hughes campaign.

Time was very short when full information reached the Chicago Progressives. It became my job to carry the message to the chief. I met him at Denver and took the same train

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with him the next day to Chicago. There were only a few talks scheduled from the platform of his private car, so we had long sessions over the Chicago speech. The Colonel's "towering rage" was effectively expressed in telegrams of inordinate length. He explained just what he would and would not do. He would fill a few fixed engagements and then retire to Oyster Bay. He would not say anything in public to injure the campaign. Hughes was beating himself and the defeat should not be charged to Roosevelt. With knife-edged words he explained what he thought of the campaign—its blunders, its hypocrisies, its consistent double-dealing, the treachery of the official attitude everywhere toward the Progressives whose votes were necessary to elect Hughes.

TELEGRAMS came flying back to us as the train neared the Mississippi—first evasive, then apologetic, then beseeching. The gentlemen in command finally realized a bit of their folly and recanted abjectly. So the silly group of plotters accomplished less than nothing. T. R. made his most vigorous "anti-hyphenate" speech in Chicago. The Democratic exposé never came off. But Mr. Wilson knew who had tried the hardest to beat him—and Mr. Wilson was reelected—and we went to war!

A month or so after the election, I met Colonel Roosevelt at a Chicago railroad depot and, as we rode over to the club where a private luncheon had been arranged, he suddenly turned and, whacking me across the knee, cried, with obvious relief: "Well, we did all we could, but we have this satisfaction now—we are not responsible for Mr. Wilson and we are not responsible for Mr. Hughes!" If we had made another Progressive Party fight in 1916, he would have felt most responsible for the reelection of Wilson and that would have been intolerable to him. His antipathy to Wilson was most sincere, although I thought it was often unjustified. "Of course I feel much more strongly about Wilson than you do," he wrote in 1916. He had no more faith in Wilson's loftiness of spirit than Wilson had in his. To me both men had unusually high conceptions of public service, but, in philosophy both were such opportunists that their methods could be easily criticised and their achievements belittled by opponents. But it was the same torch (of progressive national leadership) that Roosevelt had borne which later fell from the palsied hand of Wilson, and was plucked up again by LaFollette, who had carried it long before in years of bitter loneliness.

"Men wasting fifteen hours for four hours' pay"

"To go without sugar and create new poison gases"

We entered the war. The year of confusion and hysteria began—a period that can be chronicled only in detached sentences and broken paragraphs. The disorder of life compels a disorderly recital. Here was a time when it became noble to do such strange things—to go without sugar and to create new poison gases; to shout for democracy and to enthrone dictators; to be careful of money and careless of life; to teach men to love one another and the best way to disembowel an opponent. I inhaled all the certified nonsense which I could and exhaled it in churches, in circus tents, in theaters and schoolrooms—wherever a crowd of people could be gathered for mass poisoning. One old Swedish minister alone reviewed my labors adequately. When I left the pulpit, from which his God had been temporarily excluded so that I might talk Liberty Loans, the clergyman quietly announced that the services would be concluded by the congregation singing, "our favorite hymn, 'Revive us again' !" They sang every verse of it, too, while my comrades in the rear of the church hugged themselves and choked down their laughter.

Hardest of all problems in this period for me to understand was why it was noble and just to give services to the common need without adequate compensation, but why at the same time it was necessary and righteous to offer extraordinary rewards to persuade men to contribute their property to the same great cause. It was clear that millions of families simply could not live unless someone earned a living. It was equally clear that. (*Continued on page* 218)

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Children's Hour

A Girl's Etchings of Childhood

Courtesy of Kennedy and Company, New York

A YOUNG English etcher, Eileen Soper, gives us the international world of childhood. Everything is fresh and marvelous, the familiar aspects of the adult world as well as its later-day wonders. Miss Soper was only fifteen when her first two etchings were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1921. Fifty-eight of her delightful plates have now been published and she has managed to retain without affectation what was at first attributed to a still free consciousness. A critic has said that she "not only enables us to see as a child sees but makes explicit the eternal paradox that we feel children to be something that we never feel ourselves to be." This is a comment that modern educators, master mariners of their voyages of exploration, will be sure to appreciate.—F.L.K.

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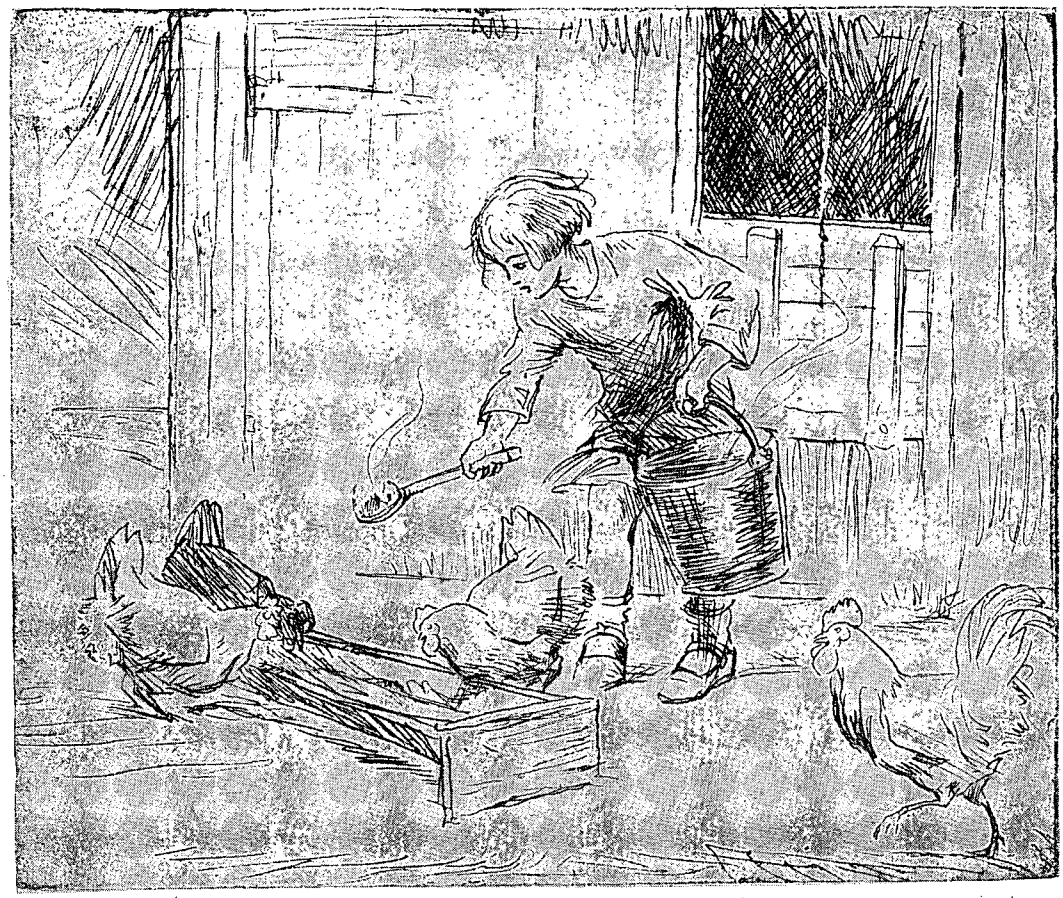

Feeding the Chickens;

(below) The Explorer

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"Where Your Treasure Is"—Or: "No Runs on This Bank!"

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

BARRING the momentous question of where the sister of the vice-president of the United States shall sit at formal dinners, with which all diplomatic and political Washington is agog . . . yes, and you've no idea how far the repercussions of that agitation may be heard around the world in circles composed of four-year-old mentalities devoted to the niceties of regalia and "social" precedence . . . barring that stupendous issue, which let us hope will have been settled by the time these lines are printed, the biggest thing on the world's horizon at this moment seems to me to be the proposed international bank for the handling of reparations and the war-indemnities.

The Committee of Experts, under the presidency of Owen D. Young, seem as these lines are written to be nearing an agreement—notwithstanding pessimistic reports on alternate days. Agreement has to be reached, because the present situation under the Dawes Plan is financially, politically and as a matter of common sense, intolerable. Besides, before the committee met at all it was known just about what the figure and the terms would have to be; the essential problem was and is, how to get the Allies, especially the French, to come down, and the Germans to come up, to the realities.

The basic thing had to be recognition of the abiding fact that it depends in the last analysis not upon what the Allies demand, but upon the amount and the terms which the Germans eventually will accept—upon Germany's "will-to-pay." Nobody was or is in a position to compel her to pay—anything. France tried it, by the invasion of the Ruhr, and —wrecked the German currency, almost overturning the world's financial apple-cart. Payment "in kind"—of German coal—demoralized the British mining industry. Payment in labor directly, in France, created a competition with French labor. Payment in goods, if permitted at all, invaded home markets. Payment in money, gold, tends to inflation and really benefits nobody. Just now comes the report that Great Britain is disposed to scale down or obliterate her big claim for reparations and arrearage. All hands are beginning to see that the fantastic original demands, even if they could have been met, involved ruinous consequences to the recipients. If indeed the world could learn that war-tribute, under any name, injures the victor quite as much as it does the vanquished, the World War would almost have been worth while.

For the man-in-the-street, however, it is very difficult to realize this. To him, a thing called a "debt" is something that must be paid, and payment has to be stated in the cash-terms with which he is familiar. That is why the representatives in Paris of the various governments, both Allied and German, have had to watch their steps so carefully. The German government is not so firmly seated as to dare bring back a finally-settled debt staggering to the imagination of the people. The French, the Italians, and all the rest—even the British, not to mention the Americans at all—have their own home politics to consider. None of them is in a position to settle the question on its merits, with reference to the world's actual financial *ensemble*.

ANOTHER thing, and most important. There is a vast difference between an enormous war-debt, based upon a political situation, and subject to revision by a subsequent conference and agreement after time has cooled things off, and a settled obligation which has been definitely bonded and sold throughout the world's markets to individual lenders who have purchased the bonds for investment. Once that latter step has been taken, the situation becomes irrevocable; it is no longer a question of bluffing, compromise or conciliation in an international conference. The dealing has become one between the German government and Tom, Dick and Harry all over the world, whose savings have been wagered on that government's stability and good faith.

The Germans accepted the whole situation at Versailles, first in order to keep the war off German soil; to prevent the "march on Berlin" which was imminently threatened; also because they knew that whatever figure of penalty might be fixed, it would have to be revised later. They did not quarrel with the fact of tribute; time and again they had both imposed and paid war-tribute. None knew better that "in war the loser pays." But now the affair is to be commercialized; upon a definite and final basis the obligation as accepted is to be turned into negotiable paper and spread throughout the world to whomsoever will buy. The German credit is sound; German commercial honesty is proverbial. This is a serious business.

SO, as not at any time before since the guns were shouting, the great war actually ends. The day of mere tribute-paying draws to a (*Continued on page* 211)

Slogan for the New Diplomacy

This is a time when our diplomatic negotiations must be carried on with courage, forbearance and patience, with sympathy for the suffering, without arrogance from the thought of our national wealth and power, and with a humility of mind which shrinks from the quick preconception of solutions prior to thorough familiarity with the facts with which solutions must deal—Charles G. Dawes, the new ambassador to Great Britain; at Washington University, 1927.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Nirvana for Two Dollars

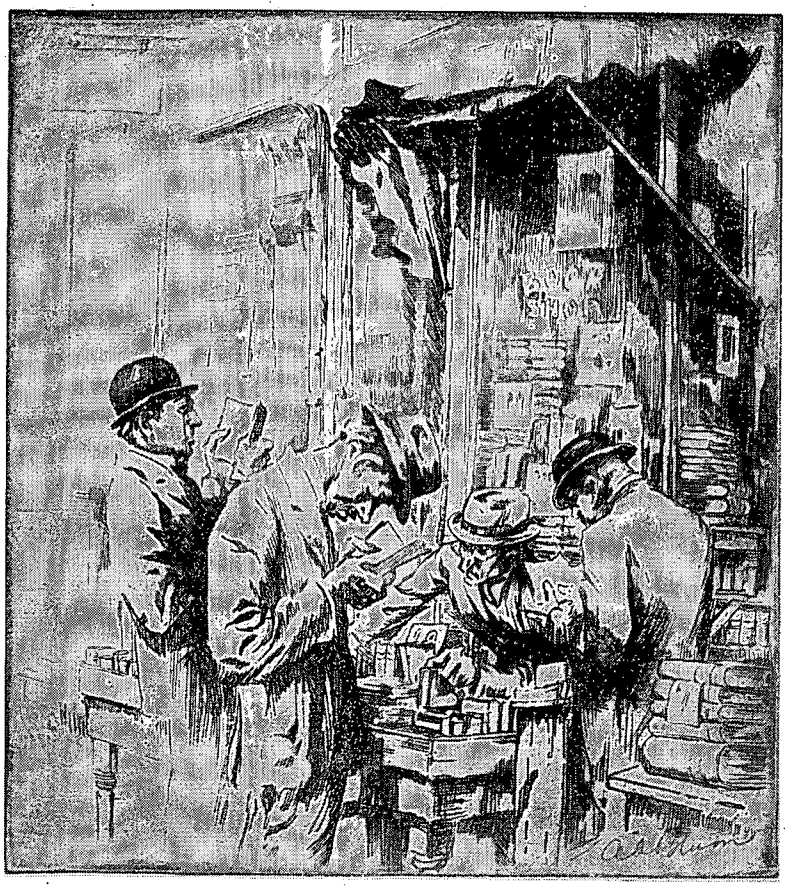
OUR critic sleuths are on the trail of Detective Story. The fellow has been getting away with murder. Edgar Wallace, England's thriller, sold (it is said) five million copies last year . . . no longer an author, but a literature! Oppenheim and J. S. Fletcher are Golcondas. Authors of mark pour into the cornucopia, Clemence Dane and Eden Philpotts, for example. In this country, two book clubs will supply you a crime tale a month, a mere *bonne bouche* for one who takes his reading seriously. Staid Scribner's Magazine started S. S. Van Dine on his career of crime. The Atlantic becomes gravely erudite over why professors read 'em. The furore is stupendous—and amusing.

The phenomenon is, of course, not new. Since Homer smote his bloomin' lyre about runaway criminals, the vulgar populace have always had their ballads and broadsides of battle, murder, and sudden death. In the middle 1800's the Beadle Library of up-state New York issued a thousand or more dime novels; and later our own youth was made glamorous by Cap Collier, Old Sleuth, and the immortal Nick Carter. Their descendants still do brave deeds in the "pulp magazines." Meanwhile Poe staked out a claim in the field for literature; Dickens and Wilkie Collins lent respectable names to the art; Stevenson graced the two-penny colored shocker with charm of style and imagination; and in the 90's I first contracted the disease when Sherlock Holmes stalked onto the stage in the old Harper's Weekly, and became, I have heard, the most universally recognized name over the face of the globe. Charlie Chaplin is his sole rival.

What is new is the vast high-brow adult audience and the hungry pleasure with which men and women of culture, brains, learning and prestige seek nirvana in detective fiction. Woodrow Wilson endorsed Fletcher's Middle Temple Murder; diplomats stuff mysterious dispatch-boxes with Austin Freeman and Carolyn Wells; big executives dote on Crofts and Cole. It is certain proof you are a big executive that you read detective stories. One leading social worker lent me a twenty-page bibliography of Fletcher; he is collecting first editions—a pleasant and perhaps someday a profitable avocation. I know a twelve-year-old girl in the most modern of schools who can read two mysteries a day. The time has come to examine this vogue.

There is no real harm in reading detective stories: to many they are perhaps useful. But certain questions arise. What kind of life is this we lead that demands such anodynes? What is the matter with the rest of our literature, poetry, drama, novel, that it does not offer us peace and forgetfulness by the ancient road of beauty and inspiration? There is no beauty in detective tales, and no inspiration. Here is a challenge to every creative artist. Finally, have we nothing better to do with our time? Time killing in this brief world must be the cardinal sin.

Now, I have discovered an easy rote for criticizing all modern books. These be infallible tests: the post-war mood, Puritanism (with anti-Puritanism), the machine age, sex, the new psychology, and the quest for faith. Let us apply these tests, slightly slant-wise.



OLD LEARY'S BOOKSHOP

Browsing Philadelphians at the bargain tables on the sidewalk. From an etching by Alex A. Blum, by courtesy of D. Appleton & Company

Detective stories are paradoxically literature of escape. But escape from what? And into what? First, precisely from the above six problems and the intricacy they have bred in life. Second, from the literature that ceaselessly reflects this intricacy. The word problem means Puritan. We are a conscientious and purposive people who live in a great task-master's eye (though we refuse to call him God). We are our own keepers and the job wears us out. Daily, by incessant study and painful practice, we must govern our destiny: health, domestic relations, our international obligations, our professional obligations, and our culture. The application by mere humans of the new science, the new psychology, and the new leisure to every gesture, moment and reflex is a cruel and exhausting task. The new

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Puritanism is even harsher than the old: that at least put some of the burden on original sin. We supply our own. The day ends with a bitter tiredness.

We seek the boon of books, not to escape from idleness and boredom but from labor and tension. Detective fans are not loafers, but toilers. I have noticed they are social workers, editors, teachers, statesmen, sedentary people who have to do with the intangibles of social relations. Active men, scientists, women close to natural tasks do not need escape. Their material is not so based on introspective intellection, so exasperating, uncertain and puzzling. But that is exactly what our literature has become; night-shadows of day problems. Novels are exercises in sociology and psychology. History proves how old are our new evils; biography is clinical; Cinderella suggests the Children's Aid Society; even the comic strips are poisoned with meaning. Our songs are bitter and our plays drab. That is the charge against books.

Enter the detective story. The modern psyche is geared high and spins fast: it resists inertia like the gyroscope. We cannot go to sleep and we are afraid to indulge our emotions. Gently the mind-wheels mesh into the solving of a puzzle the solution of which is utterly pointless to us or anybody else. We feel no iota of responsibility or personal identification with either the woes of the characters or the crimes of their environment. Peace descends, and a glorious freedom from propaganda. We are not being sold any "ism," or taught a habit, or enlightened on a crusade.

No one ever learned anything about criminals or how to handle them, the prevention of crime or its punishment from a detective story. The criminal is a mere X, a scape-goat, guilty *per se*, and not the society (or reader) that made his image and bred his derelictions. Vice is painted in ebon blackness—and gets it in the neck. The problem is neatly and finally solved, by the intellect, please note! The law for once is enforced, and the criminal hanged, or tactfully commits suicide. Sex is simple and sure and happy in the end—and that *is* an escape. Psychology is banned save among upstart newcomers like Philo Vance. There are no suppressed desires, only suppressed clues. The quest for faith is answered by the detective himself, this god-like, omniscient intelligence that always wins in the end. We are sustained by the schematic certainty and comfort of a dogmatic religion. We have to pass only one judgment: Is the battle of wits interesting enough to keep you reading? And when Finis appears it means just that. There is no hang-over. Midnight has brought sleep and peace of mind

QUEASY folk say the violence and blood are demoralizing. That naturally is one more heritage of the World War. But 1914-1918 created no taste for vicarious blood-baths; it did leave us with problems enough to make us dizzy. We seek surcease of woe in Wallace. In fact, most of our cult are as gentle as sucking doves. They criticize S. S. Van Dine because his mooning Philo Vance cannot solve one murder until three others have been done under his nose. The creators of classic detectives do not go in for violence; Sherlock Holmes is often fascinating without any at all. The ideal prescription is one neat murder in chapter one, a dash of fighting and cracked pates later, possibly a minor policeman shot, and a lovely female kidnapped. Even the hanging happens outside the book. No, we are too intellectual for blood and thunder. These dead men are symbols pure as algebra.

What we do like is science. To me Doctor Thorndike in Austin Freeman's books is the great modern detective—a pure intelligence plus a vast erudition in plants, chemicals, atomic physics, and ray-photography. His logic is as inevitable as fate; his knowledge a credit to the race. Admirable too is the magician at disguises, for who has not wanted to change his face? Who not dreamed of moving unbeknownst among his friends and relations? That would be an escape! And who has not wanted to be a superman—Bulldog Drummond, say—who can see in the dark, hear silence, bend horse-shoes, fight battalions, and drink hogsheads? This dwarf race among the light-years needs some vicarious megalomania.

Oh, yes, my sixth infallible criterion—the machine age. The machines do rather wear us out. They are noisy, dangerous, enervating, monotonous. They box us off from friendship, click us into schedules, and alienate us from nature. Without some intimacy with nature how can we understand great literature? Furthermore, they build cities, and in cities it is hard to find those pleasant plays that would pass the hours more healthfully than do detective stories. There can be no bowls or Morris-dancing on the green—for there is no green. Apartments provide no attics or barns for carpenters or tinkers, no plots for gardens, no cloisters even for meditation. Walking is dangerous, star-gazing forbidden by the smoke. Bridge, the radio, or books—and the only restful books, detective stories. What a generation and what a dilemma! For this we invented writing, wrought the miracle of the printing-press, and builded the red school-house.

So the vogue of detective stories is not harmful. It is simply a stark confession of spiritual poverty. It needs the attention of the Commission on Narcotics of the League of Nations. Literature has been called a criticism of life. Here is a criticism of both our life and our literature. The proof is in the present pudding: this intellection on the literature of escape. We cannot even let these tales alone. We'll see what makes them tick, and then they'll tick no longer. We shall be left alone with our souls and statistics. Well, I hope I find a good detective story on my table tonight.

LEON WHIPPLE

Frieze of Indians

THE RAIN-MAKERS, *by Mary Roberts Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin. 326 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

FROM the outside cover only the initiated would guess that this book had to do with the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. The first half contains much valuable information on the Pueblos, but it is not interesting. It is too much like a guide-book or catalog. The last half is extremely good reading. Quite delightful indeed are the chapters on the chants and ceremonies of the Pueblos—their myths and folk-tales, their nature religion, entirely unconnected as it seems to have been with morality, and their morality. For they have a morality—a code of ethics founded on traditions, passed on from generations and binding on every member of the tribe. In describing these things Mrs. Coolidge is at her best. We put the book down with a very real sympathy for the Indians of the Southwest.

Many questions that we have all asked are taken up. What, for instance, is the meaning of the snake dance of the Hopis? Why are the snakes—most of them poisonous—carefully collected only to be played with in the dance and then taken to the edge of the mesa and turned back into the wilderness? Mrs. Coolidge says that it is because the snake, to the mind of the Pueblo Indian, is an intermediary between our world and the spirit realm. When he comes out of his hole he comes to us from the spirit world. And is not his power to be recognized? Is he not in his quick, darting motion, his death-dealing stab, akin to the lightning in the sky? And has not the Indian associated with the serpent's sinuous motion, the curving flow of streams—the water which in the dry land of the Southwest is ever synonymous with fertility? Hence the snake has become an emblem of life—life that is in some way connected with the rain and flowing water.

The behavior of the dancers, their costumes, their decorations—all have reference to the rain they are seeking. This is the main purpose of the ceremonial. And Mrs. Coolidge says it is an uncanny fact that the rain does come, either on the day of the dance or soon afterwards. The priests usually set a date in August for the ceremony—a time of the year when rain is likely to fall. Perhaps ages of experience have made them good weather prophets.

Most interesting are the author's chapters on the games of the Pueblo Indians, their songs and chants. Their music has no harmony, but it has melody and rhythm—rhythm of a highly developed kind. And is not rhythm at the basis of all music? Are not the drums a most essential part of the modern symphony orchestra; must not the drummer be a competent, all-round musician? Therefore let us not despise the music of the North American Indian. Many of the chants and songs quoted are lovely in translation. Apparently the Pueblo turned easily to nature poetry. His mind was full of it.

Why is it that the children of primitive peoples seem to be gentler, more tractable than ours? (*Continued on page* 194)

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The negro critics on

THE MAGIC ISLAND

by William B. Seabrook

"Weird, fascinating, eerie, thrilling. But what is of far more value to us is the terribly earnest story of the Haitian upper classes."—*Washington Eagle.*

"The best book of the year on a negro subject."—AUBREY BOWSER, *Amsterdam News* (Harlem).

"A tremendous sensation here. The American occupation has been successful in censoring the newspapers, but of what use is that in the face of this book?"—ERNEST CHAUVET, *Le Nouvelliste,* Port-au-Prince, Haiti. $3.50

HERMAN MELVILLE

by Lewis Mumford

"A book that has few peers in American criticism."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Mr. Mumford has done more than to write a splendid biography—he has filled the book with emanations of his own heartening attitude toward American culture. . . . His own book is one of the most trustworthy signs of the dawning." — HERSCHELL BRICKELL, New Republic. $3.50

SLAVES OF THE GODS

by Katherine Mayo

Arresting, incredible, but unhappily, true — here are short stories even more dramatic than *Mother India.* Fifty-one Indian authorities are quoted. $2.50

"Sinclair Lewis at his best"—CONSENSUS OF THE PRESS

DODSWORTH

by Sinclair Lewis

CARL VAN DOREN, in *The Nation*:—"A hundred years of American reflection upon 'Europe' is summed up in *Dodsworth,* in a crackle of comedy. . . . Sinclair Lewis, the first satirist of this American age. . . . The element in the book which lifts it above *Elmer Gantry* is the sympathetic insight which, for the first time, Mr. Lewis follows the workings of a profound, unreasonable, desperate passion. The whole drama of Dodsworth's splendid malady and his tragic convalescence, is presented with depth and force."

J. C. SQUIRE, *London Observer*:—"Not a page is dull. It is Mr. Lewis's most amusing, as it is his justest and most penetrating book. . . . Mr. Lewis is a genius and still a young genius: an idealist and an artist."

ARNOLD BENNETT, *London Evening Standard*:—"Every sentence is a tonic. General, massive, creative force—immense, fecund inspiration, so charged with invention, wit, fancy, and a queer sense of the beauty of common things. You look forward to a new novel by Sinclair Lewis. You say: 'I've just got to read it—and at once.' . . . The man is at the height of his power." $2.50

"Must be set with *Whither Mankind, The Decline of the West,* and *The Mind in the Making.*" Irwin Edman.

THE MODERN TEMPER

by Joseph Wood Krutch

"A terrifying honest book. . . . Mr. Krutch is that rare thing in any age, and particularly in our own, a mind fine in its intellectual texture, humane in its sympathies and highly engaging in its expression. He and his book belong in the congenial tradition of genuinely philosophical literature. His book must be set indeed in interest and importance with *Whither Mankind, The Decline of the West,* and *The Mind in the Making.*"—IRWIN EDMAN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

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Labor's Bargain with the Gilded Age

JOHN MITCHELL, MINER

By ELSIE GLUCK

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(*Continued from page* 192) Why is it that Indian children are so rarely punished? Is it because their parents demand less of them? Is it because the primitive man himself is in so many respects a child? Mrs. Coolidge says that Indian babies cry, but that screaming and quarreling are never heard. Indian children play placidly, not noisily, and an Indian woman is the gentlest of mothers. The little girl follows her mother about, and as she grows older, play naturally becomes work. She learns how to grind corn, how to weave baskets and make pottery, from association with her mother and perhaps her grandmother in the family house. And from them she learns how to comport herself when she reaches womanhood. The Indian woman is Puritanically modest. Where did such morality, such traditions come from? Sad, that so often it has been the white man that has destroyed these traditions.

The training of the Pueblo boy was rigorous enough. Hard indeed was the education of the boy who was to be a *shaman*, a medicine man. He had before him a long curriculum of training. When he was only twelve years old there was a twenty-four-hour fast to test his powers of endurance. Later there were ceremonial smokes, the learning of long prayers, the drinking of sacred water, and finally he must keep awake for forty-nine hours consecutively to listen to the history of the particular society he was entering—an initiation test that some of us who now attend luncheons and lectures would find it hard to meet!

Mrs. Coolidge ends her book with a half dozen or more chapters describing the Navajos and Apaches, and finally the smaller desert and river tribes, such as the Pimas Papagos of the extreme Southwest. Nothing of course could be more striking than the contrast between the peaceful Pueblo and the wild Apache, who for so long a time maintained his rights against the white settler. We should dearly like to dwell on the author's account of this same Apache—her analysis of his character and that of the nomadic Navajo. But we must close this on the whole most valuable book.

FRANCIS FISHER KANE
Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia

Rule Britannia-America!

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS, *by J. M. Kenworthy and George Young. Horace Liveright. 282 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

ONE of these authors is a former naval officer, the other a former diplomat, and both are members of the Labor Party (one in Parliament) so that their broadly liberal point of view tempered by their professional experience makes their opinions particularly interesting. The book has a frankly avowed purpose. The seas can be kept free only if the United States and Great Britain adopt a common policy whose "fundamental principle and purpose" will be "pacification by sea power," enforced by "Anglo-American Armed Neutrality" [p. 16]. The only sanction for the law of the sea "is and must remain sea power" [p. 212], so that any codification of the law of the sea will be as inefficient to preserve freedom of the seas as were the rules in effect in 1914, unless they are backed by an understanding between the two great Anglo-Saxon naval powers. They should agree to "maintain on the high seas navies of equal strength which in combination could cope with any other possible combination—in short an 'armed neutrality'" [p. 213].

The argument from the experience of the World War may show the feet of clay of the proposed colossus. Control of the surface of the sea no longer will assure command of the sea and safety for neutral merchant ships. The German submarine blockade nearly won the last war [p. 130] and in the next war submarine and airplane with torpedo and gas bomb cannot be fought off by surface vessels [pp. 107ss]. It is only by command of the air and control under the sea as well as on its surface that neutral commerce and in particular the supply of food and raw materials for Britain can be protected [p. 117].

What the authors then have in view is more than an armed neutrality supported by surface vessels; it will require an overwhelmingly powerful air force and submarine fleet to keep the seas free. That such a command of the seas would be accepted by the other powers, even if it could be achieved by agreement between the United States and (*Continued on page* 196)

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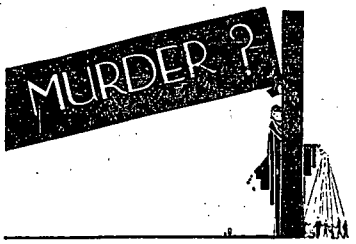

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(*Continued from page* 194) Britain, seems doubtful. It could scarcely be realized without their approval since it will not rest on naval power but on airplanes and submarines.

The authors believe that some form of contention by force between nations is still probable and propose an ingenious method of using the "armed neutrality" to regulate it. They do not think that it would be possible to determine which state is the aggressor, so that action by armed neutrality or league against one of the belligerents as a criminal would be impossible [p. 240]. They urge that the contending countries might freely resort to what is very like a peaceful blockade not affecting neutral trade [p. 246], but to enter the next phase of action, hostilities and commerce destroying, the approval of the armed neutrality or the League of Nations would be necessary, and the immunity of private property at sea could be assured as a condition of approval. Resort to unrestricted war involving economic blockade and action by surface ships, by submarines and airplanes, the "third degree" of warfare, must be justified again to the armed neutrality or the league. The risk that such war would involve all the world could then be faced and it might be possible to permit it subject to the freedom of navigation, enforced by the neutrals.

The reviewer believes that protection against war by the method of conference through the slow working and clumsy but more international and democratic organs of the league, is a more practical ideal. The authors believe in conference and in the League of Nations, but if the control of the sea and the air were in the hands of the two Anglo-Saxon powers with a good working agreement between them, the League of Nations could scarcely continue as a policy-directing organ of the world. The authors are, therefore, quite right in believing that the league must be revised if the "Anglo-American association for the restoration of peace in Europe" [p. 263] is to function. It is to be hoped that they will follow this book with another showing more definitely how the new regionally revised league, backed by the "armed neutrality," will work.

The illustrations dramatize the terrible effectiveness of the new weapons of blockade from the air and under the sea.

There can be no difference with the plea for more frequent personal meetings between American and British statesmen. As the success of the league is based on personal conference, and the understanding which results from it, so Anglo-American relations will profit if the conference method be adopted between this country and the Empire; not conferences to settle disputes, but conferences to prevent disputes.

JOSEPH P. CHAMBERLAIN
Columbia University

Satire in Rustic Dress

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN, *by Alice Mary Kimball. Knopf.* 128 *pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN these salty, homely rustic tales in verse, oddly compounded of tragedy and farce, taking with a delightful and audacious mischief the color of folk-lore and legend, Miss Kimball reveals herself as a satirist shrewdly convinced of the absurd needlessness of half the miserable snarls in which people's lives become entangled. Fantastic gargoyle growths of frustrated imaginations are projected with the bold and witty emphasis of caricature. Parson Janes saw the devil as "a comely naked woman," in "shameless stockings and high-heeled red shoes," and wielded a pitchfork to open doors lest his hand touch something a woman had touched; hysterical wornout Mrs. Doane listened to the voice of the Angel Gabriel inviting her to heaven "to sit in a golden rocker and crochet a million years"; the ironic Portrait of an Old Mother acidly disapproving the dangerous beauty of the spring night. . . . There is perhaps a sly implication that superstition may sometimes be rampant, humanity and common sense rare even outside the village four-corners. But no moral is imposed or comment added. These confidences bursting from pent-up hearts are uttered in accents incontrovertibly their own, violent, pathetic or absurdly funny.

In The Mating-Flight of Stasia Whitsett a New England tragedy is amusingly averted. The story is told in the racy lingo of Kate MacQuigg, that shrewd "naturalist of souls" who observes quite a lot as she rattles round in her old Ford selling "female beautifiers" to her rural patrons. Stasia, the

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attractive heroine, is drying up in wistful spinsterhood in a community where all the desirable males have been "picked over like a dishpan sale," when a young Italian comes to ask her to sell him land for his truck farm. Stasia sees in his dark foreign charm and simple sensuous joy in life the incarnation of all the world of beauty and romance of which she has been so harshly cheated. There were others, however, who come very promptly to point out to Stasia that her glamorous young Italian is a dirty wop and an anarchist, and soon all manner of grotesque machinations are set in motion by the chief Goblin of the local Klan. What follows is pure extravaganza in the most hilarious vein.

Miss Kimball must be read in her own idiom which is too delicious to decant or paraphrase. She has a quick ear for the back country drawl and broad humor of village gossip and a deft gift for weaving both into her verse, figured with metaphors that are almost Elizabethan in their comic extravagance . . . . "as big and bleak as a hotel for spooks"; "forests of fingers like old hemlock roots"; "If her big eyes had popped out any more they'd clattered like black marbles on the floor." She handles both her free and blank verse forms with skill, employing in the latter the effective device of rhymed couplets and triplets to heighten moments of dramatic or comic suspense.

CLARA SHANAFELT

Laborers in the Vineyard

THE ARDENT EIGHTIES, *by Gregory Weinstein. International Press. 182 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

FOR us who lived through the Ardent Eighties, Gregory Weinstein has pushed aside the curtain of forgetfulness. We see again the New York of forty years ago, and the vivid men and women who helped make its history. This immigrant boy came to New York in the early 80's from Russia, the son of very orthodox Jewish parents. The youth of the country was aflame with rebellion against the authority of church and state. Gregory barely escaped in the terror. After many odd jobs with many small printers, he obtained work with the large printers of a popular weekly, and first met the labor union. It was at odds with all his ideas of American liberty, so he turned for advice to Edward King, a Scotchman very popular in labor circles. He and Samuel Gompers had just organized the first union in New York. King urged Weinstein to join, saying, "Intelligent cooperation means displacing cut-throat competition."

Card in hand, he found work in the best shops. He tells of the days when the Typographical Union enforced the 36-hour week and the triple wage—after the linotype had given the trade a more wide-awake and sober set of operators. The machine would not work for a drinking man. Next, he became a reporter on a labor paper which slowly died. He remarks, "There is something in the nature of working-men in America that Socialists are slow in admitting. Manual laborers do not consider themselves a class apart. When off his job, the hod-carrier has no inferiority complex."

In this Promised Land which turned out not to be the "City of God" for which he looked, he learned about New York with its dirty East Side where the red-light district flaunted the protection of the police, where the corner saloons dominated the life of the streets and where a corrupt Tammany had a strangle-hold on the city government. Yet he became a friend of Edward King, Charles Stover, Josephine Shaw Lowell, Henry George, Father McGlynn, Lillian D. Wald. Part of this book sketches these and other leaders. In the 80's the settlement movement had its beginnings. Felix Adler founded the Ethical Culture Society and school. The Social Reform Club, long since dead, was a power in the land, with Ernest Crosby, Mrs. Lowell, Charles B. Spahr, Florence Kelley and Leonora O'Reilly among its leaders.

Of deep interest to me was the tribute paid to Mrs. Lowell, patron saint in those days of all welfare movements. For thirteen years she was a member of the State Board of Charities; she was one of the founders of the Charity Organization Society; she organized the Women's Municipal League, and with Mrs. Maud Nathan founded the Consumers' League. I well remember Mrs. Lowell as Mr. Weinstein describes her, a woman with an open mind, an open heart, "with room about her knees for all mankind."

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The book wakes a vivid memory of the mayoralty campaign of 1886, when Henry George, author of Progress and Poverty, ran on an independent ticket against Abram S. Hewitt, whom Tammany put up in alarm, and Theodore Roosevelt, Republican. The machine elected Hewitt, but Henry George ran second. Nor can I forget the story of Father McGlynn, ardent admirer of Henry George. Wealthy laymen, high in Tammany Hall, complained to archbishop and cardinal that he was inciting the poor against the rich. He was rebuked, censured, finally excommunicated, but he stood fast, saying, "I take my religion from Rome, but not my politics." Many protest meetings were held, many priests openly defended Father McGlynn, and in 1892 he was publicly reinstated. Mr. Weinstein's glowing account is an interesting commentary on the anti-Catholic fears of the recent presidential campaign.

At the close of this decade came our first fusion mayor, William L. Strong. He appointed Theodore Roosevelt as police commissioner, and Colonel Waring as street-cleaning commissioner. New Yorkers today are accustomed to the uniformed "white wings" and only elderly people can remember the casual laborers who then cleaned our streets at a dollar a day. Mr. Weinstein's book recalls to my mind the startling change that came over the lower East Side when Colonel Waring came into office and for the first time Division Street was cleaned as regularly as Fifth Avenue.

I wish our critical modern youth might read this book and realize how much cleaner, physically and morally, our city is today than forty years ago; and that most of the credit for this change belongs to the men and women of the eighties who were not ashamed to be ardent laborers for reform.

JEAN FINE SPAHR

Heads or Tails on the Race Question!

BLACK AMERICA, *by Scott Nearing. Vanguard Press. 275 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

WHAT THE NEGRO THINKS, *by R. R. Moton. Doubleday, Doran. 267 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

HERE by a stroke of luck we have for comparison the two poles of thinking on the American race question. For the one the position of the Negro is merely the crux of the American class problem, surface symptom of the deep-seated general maladies of capitalistic exploitation curable only by a revolutionary revision of the whole economic system. For the other the Negro's condition is the last great anomaly in the progressive development of institutional democracy. Each is the clearest and most straightforward statement of its position yet made. Both sum up graphically and squarely the practical legal, political and economic disabilities of the Negro and the deep dilemma between American social theory and practice. The alternatives are clear—a self-consistent democracy or, in time, a proletarian revolution. From this particular heads or tails, most of us will call enthusiastically with Dr. Moton for the former; but whichever book we read few can escape the conviction that if the American race question cannot be settled the one way, it must inevitably be settled by the other. And from such a realization should come a good practical push toward a really constructive experiment in honest democracy.

Apart from its thesis, Professor Nearing's book is valuable for two reasons: it traces the Negro's history in America from the important but neglected aspect of straight economics and adds in a remarkable series of "snap" photographs a graphic cross-section picture of contemporary Negro life. He is insistent that "to be black is to be proletarian," that the Negro has played and still plays an important passive role in the scheme of capitalism and economic imperialism, and that the main problem of social reconstruction is "the establishing of working-class solidarity across race lines" since "there can be no victory for the working classes while the workers are so divided" and "no emancipation for the American Negro" except when "the Negro working masses have joined the white working masses in smashing the economic and social structure built upon individual and race exploitation, replacing it with a cooperative economic system under working-class control."

Dr. Moton appeals to the basic ideals and best potentialities of the existing order. Starting out with a tally of ills which is all the more effective because dispassionately stated, and insisting that prejudice is more than two-thirds ignorance and

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that "what the white man doesn't know about the Negro is the factor that produces the race problem," the successor of Booker Washington declares with greater frankness than his famous predecessor that "the Negro has just cause for dissatisfaction," that the country cannot solve the Negro problem without considering the Negro's side of the case or without his active collaboration, and that "the Negro wants for himself and his children the same things that the white man wants for himself and his children." Dr. Moton decries as the most serious effect of the policy of segregation "the ever-widening gulf between the two races which leaves each race more and more ignorant of the other," and attempts to bridge it over by a commendably frank statement of the Negro's claim for equality of treatment and opportunity. No rational reader, however partisan at first, could fail to concede the logic of the thinking Negro's present-day stand that "to accept a required segregation is to accept the thesis of undesirability on which it is founded and to concede the assumption of inferiority which accompanies its practice." And few will challenge the reasonableness or the hopefulness of what Dr. Moton regards to be the new technique of dealing with the problem, "not by legislation, but by common counsel whereon both parties to the cause are represented and where action is by common agreement rather than by majority control." For all the radical difference of social method between them, both books see no half-way solution to the American race problem. Dr. Moton concludes: "The Negro expects ultimately to live in America with such freedom of movement, such equality of opportunity, and such measure of common respect for his person and personality as will leave him, even though distinguished in physical characteristics, without any lower status than that of the average American citizen."

ALAIN LOCKE

Howard University

The League Inside and Out

THE ORIGIN, STRUCTURE AND WORKING OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, *by C. Howard-Ellis. London, George Allen & Unwin. 528 pp. Price 21 shillings postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

INNUMERABLE have been the writings, pro, contra, snippy, neutral; good, bad and indifferent, about the League of Nations. Even the intelligent and well-informed—much more so the other sort—have written from outside, sometimes very far outside; on the basis of one or several visits to Geneva; or maybe only of documents, without any visit at all. With very few exceptions, they have lacked continuous observation of *the league itself,* functioning day in and day out.

Here is the first *big* book about the league, beginning at the beginning and going through to the end; written by one not of the league organization or party in any way to its development, yet personally on the ground for a long continuous period and in a position to know what he is talking about. Mr. Howard-Ellis is a freelance journalist, whose work appears in well-known English and American periodicals. He is credited with facility in French, German and Russian beside being more than satisfactorily fluent in English; and is widely traveled but resident for the past three years at Geneva, with fullest access to all the activities of the league, of which he has made ample and intelligent use, evidently checking his assertions scrupulously by reference to original sources and league officers.

This volume covers minutely the details of the organization and its activities in all its parts; there are chapters on the Covenant, Assembly, Secretariat; the International Labor Organization, the World Court; the effects of the league upon international law, the finances of the league, its operative technique, and so on; with annexed texts of Covenant and other useful documents. The index seems adequate; the bibliography hardly commensurate with the comprehensive character of the volume yet sufficient for practical purposes, especially since any bibliography of a live and fluid subject is out of date anyway long before it gets published in a book. Altogether it is a notable achievement, and an invaluable addition to the existing material for the study not only of the league but of international law and relations, and the conditions environing the league's creation.

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Apart from affording substantially reliable and detailed information about the league, this author has performed one distinguished service. He re-creates the situation and atmosphere in which the league had its beginnings. Those who are ecstatic about the league and those who criticize it because of defects seen from today's standpoint, are alike prone to forget the state of mind throughout the world when this thing was instituted. The amazing fact is that it could come to birth at all, at a time when Wilson's "Fourteen Points" had been repudiated or stultified both in letter and in spirit; when the Allies were greedy for the heart's blood of a beaten foe who doubtless in reversed conditions would have been equally greedy for theirs. Amid all the disillusionment, devastation, economic wreckage, political confusion, of these post-war years, and despite the desertion of the United States, its original protagonist, this almost apocalyptic idea has found flesh for itself and grown astonishingly. The wonder is not that it has disclosed defects and been disappointing in some important ways; but that it has been able to exist at all.

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JOHN PALMER GAVIT

A Scholar Gypsy

DEEP SONG, *by Irving Brown. Harpers. 355 pp. Price* $3.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

LONG before he became a professor of Romance languages, Irving Brown had turned his linguistic—and romantic—talents in the direction of the Gypsies. Half believing that he himself was somehow of their wild strain, he mingled with them throughout the Middle West, learned their deepest secrets and dialects, traveled with them, dropped in on their kind in France, Spain, Mexico, India, Africa, wherever fancy led. His first accounts of his roving companions were personal narratives that made you want to sell your watch and buy a guitar.

Deep Song likewise tickles the springtime imagination. It consists of adventures with Gypsy songs and singers in Andalusia and other lands. It is a personal book too, but far from the flashy journalism of the ordinary travel book. Aside from being a sparkling Gypsy odyssey, it is an important contribution to folk song literature. It contains four appendices full of sprightly information on: 1, the various forms of the *cante flamenco,* i.e., the songs; 2, a list of phonograph records of them; 3, examples of the music; 4, some of the singers, past and present. There are also an index, a helpful glossary and a bibliography which includes the Gypsy Number of the Survey Graphic.

Mr. Brown's original translations of many dozens of the *coplas*—the distinctive Spanish Gypsy quatrains, sung in many styles, which are explained—are in the proper spirit. Their range and beauty are amazing; the most touching of all are the prison songs. The illustrations—photographs, and grand Gypsy pictures by Zuloaga and Augustus John, and others—are generously distributed.

For poets, travelers, singers, philologists, folkloreists and so forth, Deep Song will be abundantly useful.

The happy prose swings along the Romani trail with true effortless Gypsy charm; for this is a book from the heart, from the civilized yet curiously wild heart of a scholar Gypsy whose way of beauty inevitably led to a sun-checkered courtyard in Malaga, where a Gypsy sang: "A curse upon thee, Death!" And beggars in rags drank wine like kings.

VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

Adventure Magazine, New York City

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The Skeptic Answers Himself

THE MODERN TEMPER, *by Joseph Wood Krutch. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 249 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IF skepticism were the last word upon the meaning of man's life, we could do much worse than to have that mood set forth as it is in these honest and well-turned pages. Mr. Krutch holds that we delude ourselves in assuming that man's affairs are of any importance to the universe. Modern science leaves man "more and more alone in a universe to which he is completely alien." There is no warrant for the optimistic assurance of Victorian scientists that all of mankind's problems are capable of solution. The more finely organized people become, the more unstable grows their society. Science increases our powers but not our happiness or our wisdom. Even love has been reduced to sexual satisfaction, and "is becoming gradually so accessible, so unmysterious and so free that its value is trivial." Two superb chapters explain how the reconciliation to life by the tragic spirit is no longer possible now that the age has lost faith in any intrinsic greatness, and how life cannot even be (as Ellis would have it) a dance or an art. In morals, certitude has vanished into the merest phantom. The future we can only guess; and hope may be the sorriest of illusion.

Books like this oblige the reader to re-examine his faith in the light of quite the worst brought against it. To some of us the answer may be suggested in part by the very words with which Mr. Krutch closes: "Ours is a lost cause and there is no place for us in the natural universe, but we are not, for all that, sorry to be human. We should rather die as men than live as animals."

This response may be only a gesture of defiance, a satisfaction of a certain blind will to live. It may on the other hand suggest that mind and spirit are assuredly no less real and valid than the things which mock them. Mr. Krutch would seem to be less completely skeptical than he supposes. He wants truth to be more than an instrument for gratifying desire. He wants beauty and the artist conscience which rejects the second-rate. He wants the morality of mere convention to be replaced by sounder ideals. Why should these longings be accorded first honor? Perhaps he may yet come to believe that the realm of values in which these desires find their ultimate justification is altogether too rational to be only a wish-projection, and that even if, when injustice triumphs, no reverberations sound through the inter-stellar spaces, nevertheless there is a *spiritual* universe to which right and wrong do make a difference.

HENRY NEUMANN

Outsiders

THE INSIDER, *by Alice Beal Parsons. Dutton. 281 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

AT certain moments in each of us the sense of life becomes heightened, even though at the time one may be merely a spectator instead of a participant in the scene. It evokes a sensation not unlike that odd shock experienced upon gazing into the clear depths of translucent sea pools, there to discover a whole new world, rendered the more strange because remote. And all the while, despite one's absorption in the spectacle, there exists a curious consciousness of being an outsider, apart from a small universe that functions in secret, full fathom five below the palpable surface of the world we live in.

Thus in a sense, we are made aware in this book of people whose destinies move obscurely beneath the obvious current of their days. We are led backward into earlier phases of their histories; we are shown glimpses of their progress under the pressure of circumstances that forced them in opposite ways. Nowhere do they break into action, nor do they come up to the surface of the pages they adorn, yet perhaps this same method of indirection, flashing an iridescence, lends them a quality they would not otherwise obtain.

These people are felt through the sentient antennae of a Miss Chapin, guest at a Greenwich Village salon, the hostess being Moira Robertson, a woman brilliant, provocative and ruthless, known for her stories and amours. Graceful, and equally graceless of heart, she has subordinated life to serve her ends. Into her apple-green room comes Purdy, a man

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about to die, who by his presence creates a tension sufficient to disturb Miss Chapin, determined to chart the sea of error until to her own satisfaction—and for the salvation of a poet in Moira's toils—she sounds the hidden elements that vibrate between Purdy and Miss Robertson.

The search for truth takes Miss Chapin to a Maine village, faded but rife with the salty charm of a fishing town gone slack. There she proceeds to run legends to earth, in order to fathom the joint story of Moira and Purdy, along with the wrong channels of the latter's life. Then she returns to the city again, to observe anew a few more people go through the motions of living. And the end? "There are no free men" Brant said. "There are insiders and outsiders . . . Purdy wasn't great, but he had greatness in him." And most men die many times.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

The Wages of Crime

STEALING THROUGH LIFE, *by Ernest Booth. A. Knopf. 308 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MORE than a year ago The American Mercury published a story under the title, We Rob A Bank. Besides being good writing it was penetrating and haunted you for days. Does crime pay? We Rob A Bank was a convincing answer. The author of that narrative, Ernest Booth, has now put the rest of the story in book form, taking us from the bank robbery to his earliest escapade. It is no solution to the crime wave (or waves) but it does carry conviction. He has given a careful and useful account of a few brief but tense years of adventure and search for it, of thrill-hunting in the face of uncertainty, and of futile flight. Most of the characters delineated in the book come to the normal end of animals; death by violence. Booth was spared. He languishes in a California prison afflicted with T.B.

Stealing Through Life is eloquent in its simplicity. It envelops you like a cloud and you bury yourself in it as when a child you read Oliver Twist. At no time are you aware that the writer himself is buried in the dungeon for the rest of his days, though he is still in his twenties. He attempts to answer no questions about criminals; he makes no claims. He just tells a story, and the moral is devastating.

Seth Low Junior College

NELS ANDERSON

Travelog by Mr. Lewis

DODSWORTH, *by Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 377 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IT would be easy to believe that Sinclair Lewis carried in him a kind of a dictagraph apparatus, so accurately does he catch the words, intonations, and overtones of his contemporaries. Turned out again in his novels, they have a slightly smoothed and mechanized effect, almost too lifelike to be natural, like the color advertisements of cocoanut cakes and lemon meringue pies in the women's magazines. In Dodsworth he has taken for his jump-off the prosperous upper crust of a small manufacturing city, sufficiently grown up to have country as well as Rotary clubs, to have lectures by visiting English novelists as well as evangelists, to be, if one may coin the word, culturesque. The hero of the piece is Samuel Dodsworth, a successful manufacturer of automobiles, at the dangerous age of fifty when he has made all the money he needs, demonstrated that he can do this thing well, and then left to wonder a bit what comes next. The heroine, also the villain, is Mrs. Dodsworth, slim, gay, and ambitious, at forty-two, having just married off her daughter and sent her son to college, and also at loose ends as to where one goes from here. They cut loose to try Europe for an indefinite vacation, on the kind of romantic quest that is all very well when it comes at the age of legitimate romance, but likely to be a bit risky when experienced as a reincarnation. And Dodsworth, whose life has been spent making things, finds after the first period of uprooting, that he has the vitality to strike down again into a new growth; while the lively and lovely Fran, whose art is to arrange herself to the best advantage, like a rose on a trellis, is fatally broken by the loss of her customary supports.

There is much that is photographic, exuberantly photographic, in this story of middle-aged American success and failure, but

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there is also more than that. In Samuel Dodsworth, to a greater extent than in any of the people I recall in earlier novels, Mr. Lewis has created a character with the vitality of life and growth. Below the superficial comedy of this story, clever and revealing as it is, there is a comprehension of the changing and organic life of man which gives it substance.

MARY ROSS

Confusion of Churches

PROTESTANTISM IN THE UNITED STATES, *by Archer B. Bass. Crowell. 364 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE SCANDAL OF CHRISTIANITY, *by Peter Ainslie. Willett, Clark & Colby. 212 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

PETER Ainslie is a Disciple of Christ; Archer Bass is a Baptist. Here they stand—God helping them, they can do no other—and denounce the spirit in Christianity which has given greater importance to theological loyalties than to Christ-like, loving unity.

The two books are quite unlike; more so than the two denominations of the authors. Bass writes a doctor's thesis, bristling with page after page of fact and figure and carefully tabulated material. Reading Bass, you discover how we got this way—blessed (?) with some two hundred divisions of the Body of Christ, all ardently contending for their own private and hand-picked group of saints. You discover the good, as well as the bad, in denominationalism. And you discover an amazing amount of factual material: the number and names of the denominations in every state in the union; the place, date and condition of origin of every sect in this country; the racial sects, and the time and manner of their importation; and so on—until you are bewildered with the thought of how much time and effort this book represents. Over and under and around the facts there flows a calm and sober judgment, weighing and measuring and interpreting them.

Ainslie's book is not a doctor's thesis; it is a blazing, blistering excoriation of the whole denominational system. It is the long-delayed explosion of a fermenting conviction. And this is the conviction: that whatever good may have been accomplished in the past by all the more or less antagonistic groups of Christians, the whole system is utterly and pathetically inadequate to meet the desperate social, industrial and racial needs of today, and even less adequate to meet the larger problems of tomorrow.

You ought to read Bass to find out the facts. And then you ought to read Ainslie to set yourself afire.

CHARLES STAFFORD BROWN

Longmont, Colorado

Aristocratic Democracy

THE NEW CITIZENSHIP, *by Seba Eldridge. Crowell. 357 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THIS book is difficult to place, mainly because it recognizes some of the contradictions in our present social order. The argument begins with the suggestion that democracy as popular government is a failure. The proof is that only a minority percentage of the legal voters take any part in determining the personnel or the policies of the government. The author insists that popular education tends to turn out the sort of citizen who is unable to share intelligently in popular government. He thinks current political remedies for this evil are inadequate and he holds that we have no educational remedies for the problem. Hence he is inclined to conclude that the only solution for our social disorder is to limit the franchise to include only those who are competent to carry the responsibilities of government. He would thus secure a selected citizenship, who would be capable of understanding the practical and theoretical problems of government, and who would be able, probably because of their superior earning capacities, to afford the leisure to study these important problems. Thus we should get a new citizenship capable of handling the government. We should save at least the first part and perhaps the third part of Lincoln's famous trilogy, "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

I am not sure this is the author's argument in full detail, but the argument is convincing if nothing further can be done about education. I suspect, however, that this plan for a

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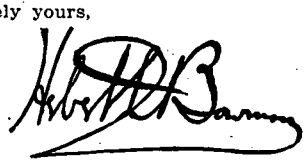

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selective citizenship will not be accepted, and should not be accepted, until after two antecedent steps have been taken: First, the sentimentalists of democracy and democratic education must be completely discredited. Second, the creative realists must have their chance to see what can be done in the way of an educational program that will fit as large a percentage as possible of the total population for true citizenship. After these two steps have been fulfilled, if still the problem of government is not solved, then it seems likely that humanity will be compelled to decide upon some sort of selected citizenship.

JOSEPH K. HART

University of Wisconsin

When the Miners Won

JOHN MITCHELL: MINER, *by Elsie Gluck. John Day. 270 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

TO understand the United Mine Workers of America, one must know the ten-year period that John Mitchell was its president. Elsie Gluck not only deals with the man in an interesting and sympathetic fashion, but presents him free from that mythology which so often mars the work of the sympathetic biographer. Enough background is presented to show the conditions out of which the United Mine Workers evolved and the struggle which produced the miners' leader.

The coal areas of northern Illinois, the scene of Mitchell's early activities, had for forty years been a battleground for the right to organize and for the principle of collective bargaining. Strikes had been fought and won and many lost. Unions had come, played a part and gone, but the spirit of unionism continued. Old timers like Dan McLaughlin had lived at Braidwood for a generation and continued the early evangelistic work for a miners' union. Men like John Siney, president of the short-lived Miners National Association, had carried on the work of unionization. Alex MacDonald, the miners' leader of Great Britain, had visited northern Illinois on two occasions in the sixties and seventies, addressing mass meetings of miners and contributing articles on unionism to the miners' papers. It was fertile soil out of which came the future president of the miners.

Slack work, starvation wages, long work days, pluck-me stores, intimidation by bosses had combined to depress conditions until in the 90's a state almost of industrial serfdom prevailed. In 1897 the business of the country had begun to pick up after the panic of '93. The miners, although only 10,000 in the national union, revolted against these slave-like conditions and 150,000 struck and won, giving collective bargaining a foothold. Mitchell, in Illinois, played an active part in this struggle.

Events gave him the vice-presidency of the national union in 1898 and a few months later the presidency. Young man though he was, he fitted into the situation. He had some of the crusading spirit and some of the qualities necessary for a successful negotiator with the operators. The union spread from one bituminous district to another, joint contract relations were established with the operators, wages were increased, the eight-hour day was secured and a general improvement in working conditions brought about.

Into the anthracite region Mitchell went and took up the task of organization. The strikes of 1900 and 1902 established the union there and wrested from the operators higher wages.

The Mitchell regime contained its opposition groups, one that was purely trade union in its point of view and another, and growing group, influenced by socialistic thought. His tolerance of those who differed with him and the freedom of discussion about program and policy which marked his administration were in large measure responsible for the growth and unity of the Miners' Union under his guidance—a marked contrast to the policy of the present leadership with its intolerance of opposition and tremendous loss of membership. Undoubtedly Mitchell made his mistakes, but on the whole, his ten years of leadership constitute his union's brightest page.

Elsie Gluck tells of the miners' struggles, the improvements won for the miner and the growing numbers and power of this union while Mitchell was at its helm. Her John Mitchell is a useful and informative work on a phase of a great union and the life of its most able and constructive leader.

JOHN BROPHY

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The Virgin Queen

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX—A TRAGIC HISTORY, *by Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace. 296 pp. Price $3.75 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IT was Dumas who said that any author had a right to violate history, provided he had a child by her. But exactly what constitutes the fine line of distinction between the single strictness of authenticity or a more liberal interpretation, with Herodotus as ancestor, remains matter for conjecture. Biography, to be effective, must inevitably spread beyond the confines of its archives to broaden the margins of a tradition which in its turn seeks to shield intimacy from the long hand of posterity. Again, time has a way of sealing her riddles in dust. Hence for the most part, the English Renaissance continues to wear a mask of mystery, to remain an enigma beneath the musty shroud of the centuries.

However obdurate in most instances, it yields to the advances of Mr. Strachey. Notwithstanding a barricade of obscure records and partial facts, walled in by a fog of versions and theories, Strachey has wooed his muse of the historic past with the consummate art of biography turned to dramatic ends. True to form, he has made history repeat herself, to bestow upon him as the fair awards of her collaboration a pair of queens. First came Victoria, bred in decorum, followed by Elizabeth, born a pepetual virgin. And as such she proceeds to queen it royally, in a biography of brilliant sequences.

As a great tapestry Strachey unfolds that lavish age of magnificence, fills it with the significant figures of men and women who move against a dark background of circumstance to their bright doom. He pursues the tenuous threads of intrigue in and out of a complex design—symbolic of the age—to knot them into the firm texture of his biographic purpose: to portray that amorous interlude of Elizabeth and Essex, a Tragic History. Tragic in truth are the elements that compose its somber length, unrolling a pageant of characters set forth with a romantic ease of style, a mastery of prose, along the path of dalliance that leads them from fear to folly, from devotion to disaster. It is a tapestry woven of warped loves; and as the Spanish say, "There are some loves that kill."

Elizabeth was the victim, according to Strachey, of a sadly distorted girlhood spent in fear, exposed to brutal play which left its influence upon her actions as a woman, an impress in the scars that marked her conduct as sovereign. She coquetted with countries as with courtiers, while her vacillations, her ambiguities were at once her strength and her weakness. The method of Strachey, which is the envy and despair of the sedulous school, likewise throws new light upon the violent extremes of mood habitual to Essex—rash traits curbed ultimately by the axe. In the delicate process of penetrating the maze of interrelationships, Strachey accomplishes a score of portraits; forms emerge in a sentence; caprices caught at the original moment sparkle within the fine meshes of a paragraph.

To each age its quality and temper. If the delicious malice and warm subtleties that come from dancing on the edge of a volcano not yet cool are absent from these pages, just so does crewel-work miss being needlepoint. "We are not amused!" said the Queen; but we were! Heroic though the Renaissance be, the pathos of distance removes that sense of solid structure as inevitably as the faded tints of that formal age lose beside the fresh colors of the Victorian era. Even so, both biographies take their place in time.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

Caricature of the Primitive

THE STORY OF SUPERSTITION, *by Philip F. Waterman. Knopf. 307 pages. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

PHILIP F. Waterman is a rabbi, and Alfred A. Knopf an enterprising publisher. Nevertheless they have in this instance put on the market something that cannot be described other than as a cheap imitation of popular, informational literature. This book is not a history of superstition; it is not even a serious attempt to present the major phases of the subject. What the author has done is to turn over a random collection of popular beliefs and pick out savory morsels. Beliefs that defied the author's skill in bringing out orgiastic origins and meanings have for the most part been omitted. Beliefs and practices that are open to several interpretations

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—snake worship, for example—always are interpreted sexually without mention of the possible alternatives.

We do not object to seeing the veil lifted, even in a book accessible to adolescents, from the humble animistic beginnings of many customs, rites, symbols that have survived to our day. But anthropologists use the word "superstition" sparingly: They recognize that, in their total setting of a primitive culture, cults that may seem strange or perverse to us are no more so than our cults (of "science," of "efficiency," of esthetic standards and what not) will seem to generations yet unborn. To understand the strange beliefs and practices of by-gone ages is reverently to contemplate the awakening and growth of human intelligence. Not a naughty school-boy's scrapbook will help us overcome the lag between available knowledge and traditional belief which constitutes superstition in our day. There is real need for a popular book that will describe the stages by which these beliefs and the practices based on them have arisen and become transformed through changes effected by migration, discovery and new economic opportunities. The cynical pseudo-science of our so-called "debunkers" does not help.

Bruno Lasker

The Inquiry

Father of Lies

FALSEHOOD IN WAR-TIME, *by Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. Dutton.* 192 *pp. Price,* $2.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

"IN wartime, failure to lie is negligence, the doubting of a lie a misdemeanor, the declaration of the truth a crime." Thus the author of this book on the lies we were fed and believed between 1914-1919. His introduction contains five pages listing the kinds of lies, from the deliberate official lie through forgery to faked atrocity pictures. His text takes up *seriatim* the English lies: that no understanding existed with France; that Serbia was pure white on the murder at Serajevo; that Germany was solely responsible for the War; that girls were mutilated, Canadians crucified, German dead boiled down for glycerine. *Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.* He proves these were all lies by documents and testimony, revealed since the War. Cabinet ministers, admirals, journalists now brand them falsehoods.

How they were created and spread is told, justly and dispassionately. Mr. Ponsonby is attacking no nation or group. He has the hope that the generation that was lied to may gain wisdom from a knowledge of how it was "fooled into war," as Lord Fisher said. It is a noble hope. You should read this book, and it should be included in our curricula under "history."

But the damage these lies have done is done. No exposure now will restore any mother's son, rectify any illusory boundary, regild any nation's honor. Some of their evil lives after them in the falsehoods of our present tricks of propaganda. "The defilement of the human soul is worse than the destruction of the human body." But will we march away again to the beat of lies? I think so.

If we march at all, it will be to lies. The first lie will be to call this book a lie. Then it will be banned by law. Then the peace-lover who circulates it will be jailed for sedition or obstructing recruiting. Then improved technique will invent superior lies; and, as Ponsonby points out, the intellectuals with their incredible credulity will, by their superior rhetoric, stamp the lies with a false authenticity and indignation. "The amount of rubbish and humbug that passes for patriotism in war-time is sufficient to make decent people blush when they are subsequently disillusioned."

War is a lie and father of all lies. And remember that the next war will be fought "to save civilization."

Leon Whipple

"—and the Good Life"

RACE ATTITUDES IN CHILDREN, *by Bruno Lasker. Holt.* 390 *pp. Price* $4.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

A PLAGIARISTIC publisher in search of a sub-title for Bruno Lasker's new book, Race Attitudes in Children, might with great accuracy use any of the following: Foundation of Method, Education and the Good Life, Your Child Today and Tomorrow, or perhaps most fittingly—Democracy and Education. For Mr. Lasker identifies himself with Dewey, Kilpatrick, Russell and Mrs. Gruenberg in the conviction that

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the prime obligation of the educator is not the substitution of a "desirable" attitude in a social situation for one considered by the adult "undesirable," but rather the utilization of the situation to develop the critical ability of the individual to analyze the problem, get the necessary facts involved in answering the questions, "What are possible solutions" and "What are desirable solutions," and finally to test the evolved solution in action.

Beyond this *ad hoc* method for dealing with situations calling for immediate action, Mr. Lasker urges upon parents and educators the obligation to keep the environment as free of prejudicial influences as may be possible for a generation themselves already strongly conditioned in racial discrimination; in brief, "to prolong the responsiveness of childhood and the state of equilibrium between pleasant and unpleasant reactions toward experiences and impressions; to stimulate curiosity for more and better information as a basis for decisions."

The book stresses the belief that race prejudice is not instinctive, but comes about through the absorption of the child of the attitudes of the adult community. Nevertheless, in general, race attitudes are acquired at such an early age, and with such strong emotional tone, that for all practical purposes they possess the rootage and power of instincts.

Mr. Lasker's analysis of the factors which enter into the formation of race attitudes, is by all odds the most painstaking and discriminating known to this reviewer. Similar analyses in other social fields would serve to widen the understanding now common to educators, that attitudes in any specific field grow as manifestations of a general situation, and cannot be understood apart from the social milieu.

A unique feature of the book is the fact that it grew out of a three year study of a committee composed of experts and laymen and that it embodies a cross section of the experience and opinion of hundreds of parents, educators and social workers in every section of the country. This method of integrating practical experience and general theory holds rich promise in the field of social study where working programs must be devised. Mr. Lasker's book is wholly commendable, and should be carefully studied by all those who feel the responsibility for giving children the chance to grow up without that warping by prejudice, pride, and self-interest that has earned for us the designation as "the almost-human race."

HENRY M. BUSCH

School of Applied Social Sciences
Western Reserve University

Capitalist and Christian?

OUR ECONOMIC MORALITY, *by Harry F. Ward. Macmillan. 329 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

PROFESSOR WARD'S new book, reminiscent of his work on The New Social Order, now a decade old, is a thoroughgoing, frontal attack on the present economic order. The method is, quite frankly and avowedly, that which Dr. Jacks in his Constructive Citizenship denounces as the pathological approach to human problems. To Mr. Ward all talk about social health is futile until the profit system of industry and business is removed as a cancer is removed from the human body. The capitalist system stands condemned in his eyes quite as much because it is inefficient as because it is contrary to the ethics of Jesus. Replying to his own question, "Does it work?" he says: "Yes, this so-called system works; but manifestly it creaks and groans and it needs more and more propaganda and coercion to keep it going. It no longer runs on its own power." He cites Department of Commerce figures to show that "failure overtakes nearly ninety-five per cent of those who start in the race for profits."

While Mr. Ward is not an economist, he is widely read in economics and represents a group of critics whose aid younger economists of the institutional school have eagerly welcomed in the task of substituting something more humane and social for the "dismal science." He condemns unsparingly the traditional wooden categories of the classicists whose theories, he pointedly remarks, are now being driven out of the universities only to be taken up seriously by the business colleges.

Mr. Ward perceives that the ultimate question he is raising concerns the validity of interest. He disposes of the doctrine

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that it represents the "reward of abstinence" with the shrewd comment that "nobody knows how much of our present property is earnings, how much findings, and how much pure takings." He attacks as fallacious the basic assumption of the profit-seeking, competitive system—"that man is a creature who prefers material comforts to moral values, who would rather have an increase in goods than in the quality of existence."

What is to be the outcome of the conflict between an unsound economic system on the one hand and social ethics and a developing social science on the other? Mr. Ward does not predict. The Russian experiment, which he finds very revealing thus far, will nevertheless require several more years, he believes, for evaluation. But the choice facing society is "not between evolution and revolution, but between two kinds of revolution—one a voluntary transformation of economic society, the other its catastrophic overthrow; one occurring by consent, the other by compulsion." The present indications are not encouraging: "At this point American capitalism seems bent on revealing itself in accordance with the diagnosis of the Marxians. It seems determined to drive to the hilt their thesis that no privileged class ever has or ever will yield power without a desperate struggle."

Mr. Ward has not undertaken to present any "blueprints"; the task he set himself was critical. He has done it skilfully and with painstaking thoroughness, and has produced an important book.

F. Ernest Johnson

Federal Council of Churches

This Too Is America

DAUGHTER OF EARTH, *by Agnes Smedley. Coward-McCann, Inc. 344 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THIS is a story of poverty and revolt, called a novel but having the authenticity of a personal narrative. Do not ignore it. This, too, is our America.

Marie Rogers comes from the lowest stratum of our society. Her father, first a poor farmer in Missouri, becomes a wandering workman who only spasmodically contributes to the family's support. Her mother, toothless and exhausted in her thirties, does washing or takes boarders in the Colorado mining towns where he drops them. Sometimes they live in a tent, sometimes in a hovel. They have no sheets, no nightclothes, and eat bread soaked with a flour and water gravy. About them others are miserable, the "dangerous customers" in the coal mines. The children have a haphazard schooling; after school they work at odd jobs in bad surroundings.

Marie by some chance emerges. She wants to learn, "just study—it meant some vague luxury." She, who has not finished the grammar school, teaches in a New Mexican county school, earns her way at normal school, is a stenographer, sells magazine subscriptions, goes to a university, always half-starving, always groping. She marries a young student, Marie with her abnormal fear of the bondage that marriage has meant to her mother and the other women she has known. It is bound to fail and Marie pulls out. She comes East to work and to study at night.

Another American scene that does not get into print, a world of young people in revolt against their backgrounds, some against the established order, self-supporting, living without roots, finding in a large city enough like-minded people to make the four walls of companionship. Here the book that Agnes Smedley has poured out with such urgency begins to fall off in power. As the German has it, "The apple falls too far from the stem," the individual life gets too far from its niche to be effective. It is a little country of escape. In Marie's case as with many others, because of an inner urge to be of service it is like a land of refugees who try to influence the people back home. With liberals and intellectuals she found no common background. She tries socialism, communism, the I. W. W. She finds a strange haven in the Young Indian Movement: "I remember little but suffering in my life. The Indian work was the first thing I had ever suffered for out of principle, from choice. It was not just living, just reacting to life—it was expression." She did suffer. Through the instigation of the British Secret Service when America entered the War, she encountered the third degree and imprisonment without trial for her connection with this political movement. Afterwards, she marries an Indian, only to find in him the same attitude towards her freedom that she has always feared in American men. And again she runs away, this time from all America.

The book can be taken in a number of ways. As a story of misery and unhappiness and reality it is very moving. It can be approached with reservations: these facts which run so true to life, are some distorted, some withheld? Could some degree of self-knowledge have directed Marie into less wasteful channels? Was not the Indian movement rather than a native one another escape, an escape from familiar woes?

That would be another story, the story of another author. You must take it as you would the personal account of a confiding acquaintance who means to conceal nothing important, even her shortcomings. It is an adventurer's story: all hills and valleys, no level plain. One feels that this is genuine folk narrative by one of the proletariat who has become articulate, the record of a life as unplanned as the way a plant grows, according to its environment.

Florence Loeb Kellogg

Canal-Boat Processional

ROME HAUL, *by Walter D. Edmonds. Little, Brown. 347 pp. Price, $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

NOT rolling down to Rio, but hauling down to Rome and Buffalo on the Erie Canal in 1850, goes Dan Harrow with soap-ashes, lumber, or plows aboard the Sarsey Sal. That blowsy beauty, Molly Larkin, is his cook—euphemism for wife without wedding lines by the free morals of the canal. Two years they love and haul; then Dan's sod-roots pull him back to the dairy-farm, and Molly goes hauling on her own. Their story makes a refreshing and brilliant American novel, simple, earthy, mildly heroic, rich in Dickensian characters and warmly pictured scenes. We enjoy escape, variety, a sense of American character, with these half sailors, half gypsies, gliding on inland water that is somehow a mysterious cord from the sea yet meanders through farm and town, intimate but aloof, fostering a way of life now vanished utterly.

History is here for the background all real novels must have. The age is in it: boatloads of German immigrants singing toward the West; those "dinkey wagons" of the new railroads, already challenging because "people like to get things quick." Our folk-ways are recorded—lore of horses, fiddlers in saloons, gamblers, canal chanteys, befuddled composers of newspaper balladry, the pies, the rum noggins, the red flannels, the faiths of the study Americanos Whitman celebrated. But they are pattern of the tale, not data for some shrill thesis. The talk is homespun and salty, clean but not delicate. Jeepers Cripus—where did this young twerp of twenty-five learn this vernacular, seventy-five years dead?

Nature that governs farmer and seaman, is painted with loving realism. Fields breathe or rest; winter locks up the boats in isolated peace while snow sends men and teams into the woods for logs; the first spring murmur of released water stirs Dan and Molly dozing in the Sarsey Sal. Geese honk, tow-horses swim in mist, winds whip skirts around young limbs. Earth and water come real again. The day's weather is the day's work; man moves in a world that caresses or chastens.

One mellow, humorous, human scene draws the delighted reader to another. We chaffer and trick horse-dealers at the fair as Dan buys his gorgeous team. We struggle with them through the blizzard, hauling out a man crushed by a tree. Samson Weaver dies in his own boat for fear of cholera. Friendly Fortune, seventy-year old vagabond, gets paid for six sermons, knows only five, and when holed in in a hay-mow preaches one of his own that stuns the villagers with a catalog of their daily sins.

This is literature of escape, into a new world of relish, honesty, pith and color. It's fine to have young Americans recreating the people and events that made us. There's fun on the Sarsey Sal, with real folks who stand on their own bottoms at work, at play, at love, drifting through old pages of our heritage, singing Erie—*not* Volga—boat-songs, wind and water about their ancient task—hallelujah! what a good thing in a hectic, conforming, indoor, forgetful generation!

Leon Whipple

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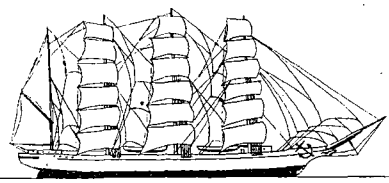

TRAVELER'S NOTEBOOK

Points West—or East

IT was Chester Rowell of Berkeley who in the East By West number of Survey Graphic three years ago, got off the dictum that when the covered wagons reached the Pacific Coast on their westward trek, they had no place to go but—up! Wherefore California. Mr. Rowell was in New York the other day meeting with newspaper and magazine men in anticipation of the Institute of Pacific Relations which will convene for its third session in Kyoto, Japan, from October 28 through November 9. He carried his point further, by telling of the predicament in which the American delegates found themselves at the earlier meetings in Honolulu. Those returning to the states balked at saying they were going back east when clearly they would land at the rim of our Far West. And the others were in the position of sailing west for the Far East. So they gave it up and began to use Hawaiian words which hadn't anything to do with the fact that the world is round and men travel about the face of it.

The institute loses its president in the appointment of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur to the Hoover cabinet. From our most effective, if unofficial, secretary of the exterior (westwardly speaking), he comes east as official secretary of the interior. But the work which Dr. Wilbur and the institute have done has opened a hundred points of contact for American travelers in the Orient.

Four Ways to Russia

NOT so long ago, it was next to impossible for everyday Americans to get into Russia. For two years now the doors have been open and there are special paths to reach them.

There's the Russian department of—appropriately enough—the Open Road, Inc. A few years back John Rothschild was a ring-leader on the campus at Cambridge. He stirred things in the Harvard Liberal Club and later had a hand in making contacts between American students and the Youth Movement abroad. The story of how he has since founded the Open Road, Inc., and developed its European ramifications is fascinating. The bureau has a permanent representative in Moscow—Mrs. Paul Hanna, a Russian who spent some years in the United States. Her husband was the well known Federated Press correspondent, and her brother is a professor at the University of Kiev.

Each group sent over is limited to eight people, and the effort is made not only to make them companionable as to personnel but to route them in ways to meet their distinctive needs. Such a "special interest" group, with a bent for anthropology, under the guidance of Dr. Leslie White, associate professor of the University of Buffalo, will set off on horseback for three or more weeks in the Caucasus to study primitive tribes.

Why the former editor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Journal is heading up the American-Russian Travel Bureau is not so fortuitous as it would seem. In 1927, at a small labor meeting in Washington, Russia was under fire—and defense; but with this interesting conclusion: that some of the participants agreed it would be fairer all round if they could speak from first-hand knowledge. About a dozen of them, with some university teachers like Dr. Alzada Comstock of Mt. Holyoke, Paul H. Douglas of Chicago, and R. G. Tugwell and Carleton Washburne of Columbia, banded together under the name of the American Trade Union Delegation and spent several months in Russia.

Albert F. Coyle was one of them and came back feeling that

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they had made only a beginning. With the encouragement of Fred Howe, he established the bureau. Supplementing his general program covering the large centers, Mr. Coyle plans to send two very small groups through the Russian villages this summer and next fall. Maurice Hindus, author of Broken Earth, will lead one. He understands the soul of the Russian peasant as could no one who was not himself born and reared among them. Albert Rhys Williams will lead the other. He is known as few Americans are known in Russia. His book, Through the Russian Revolution, is used as a text in Russian schools. Last year The New Republic brought out his little volume on The Russian Land.

For people of time and means, this is an extraordinary opportunity to get a "close up" of Vassily the ferryman, Kolya the shepherd, Father Piotyr, the teacher, the keeper of the local speakeasy, the *agronomisto* on the Soviet Farm, the old *babas* and village cronies, etc., etc.

In the early days of the Revolution, Sidney Hillman had the genius to put the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and their experience in factory production at the service of the Soviet government in rehabilitating Russian production. Thousands of their members came from Russia, and it was natural that when the Amalgamated Bank instituted its Travel Service, one of its chief features should be the Russian tours. W. B. Horton, a vice-president, himself born in Russian Poland, was put in charge. Last year 250 immigrants and the sons and daughters of immigrants from all parts of the United States, used the service; and three times as many will go this year. Perhaps the greatest number are bound for the Ukraine, but some are going as far as Batum and Vladivostok. Americans without Russian connections are using the service more and more, and for them conducted itineraries are arranged.

Of the general American agencies, the World Tourists, Inc., have the distinction of being the first to send parties to the Soviet Union. Mrs. Dorothea Keen, formerly with Sovtorgflot, the official Russian travel department, is in charge of their Moscow office, and is in an especially favorable position to serve business men who are out to make commercial contacts. Just back from a visit to every republic in the Union, Milton Goodman, director, says that the number of Americans who will go to Russia this year for pleasure or business will be the largest yet.

En Route

WITH canyons, mountains, geysers and deserts all on the line of march, delegates to the National Conference of Social Work at San Francisco (June 26-July 3) will not want for natural wonders. Nor will they lack for points of human interest en route, ranging from the Pueblos of Arizona to the studios of Hollywood. Santa Fe has its Spanish-American activities to offer, San Diego a Mexican neighborhood house, and an old world's fair turned into the most glamorous cultural and recreational center owned by any American city. Here in the art museum in the Spanish medieval style can be seen work of William Templeton Johnson. Los Angeles has its juvenile court, its municipal recreation camps, and great water system, to say nothing of Amy McPherson and her temple. Pasadena is rich in community enterprises in music and drama and the arts, and Santa Barbara has federated them in a way that is altogether unique; while San Francisco has everything to offer about the bay, from the great university campuses and the Muir woods to Chinatown and the Japanese villages in the Sacramento Valley.

Palestine

IT is indeed a tribute to the bigness (in every sense) of the man, that Nathan Straus should have chosen to send John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Community Church, New York, and Mrs. Holmes, to Palestine for a number of months. On his return, we way-laid Dr. Holmes for an article. This will be forthcoming later. But meanwhile he sends this message to Survey Graphic readers:

Go to Palestine! See a land inscribed in every nook and corner with Bible history. Get acquainted with an international situation of thrilling and momentous interest. And study at first hand the development of the bravest social venture in the world today. Go to Palestine!

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THROUGH NEIGHBORS' DOORWAYS

(*Continued from page* 190)

close, and the interchange of treasure in another guise subsides into and will be absorbed with astonishing swiftness in the ordinary ebb and flow of international financial currents. A very well-known financier, at the head of a national treasury, expressed to me last summer the opinion that within ten years or less the question of German reparations would have been completely absorbed into the financial world-ocean, no longer talked or even thought about. It looks as if, even sooner, that were going to be true.

Two extraordinary things make the accomplishment unique. One is the fact that in this settlement no sword has rattled. No dominating crowned head, or group of them, has dictated. Germany was under pressure only of the fact that any form of repudiation or evasion would ruin her credit in every market. Those on the other side of the table knew that they had only moral suasion to exert. Moreover, in a very large degree, there prevailed the new technique which has grown up at Geneva and Locarno—that of frank and more or less friendly talk. The real work of the conference has been done, not in tossing defiance back and forth for the entertainment of on-lookers, but in quiet interchange of small groups bent upon success.

THE other extraordinary thing is that the inexorable logic of the outcome demands the creation of what never has existed before—an international financial agency, a bank, for the handling of the immense amounts of value which must be exchanged. Exists at present no sufficient machinery for such a purpose. The Transfer Committee operating under the Dawes plan, steering the German payments so as not to imperil the German currency, afforded the ghost of such an institution; but it was by definition temporary, and something more fundamental and stable will be necessary. Obviously the Reichsbank of Germany would not do; international jealousy precludes the use of any of the other national banks of issue.

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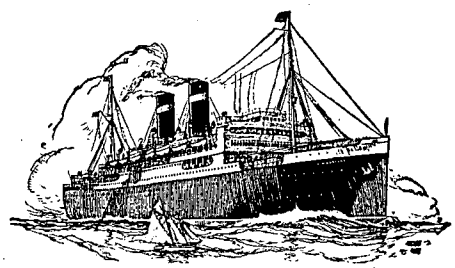

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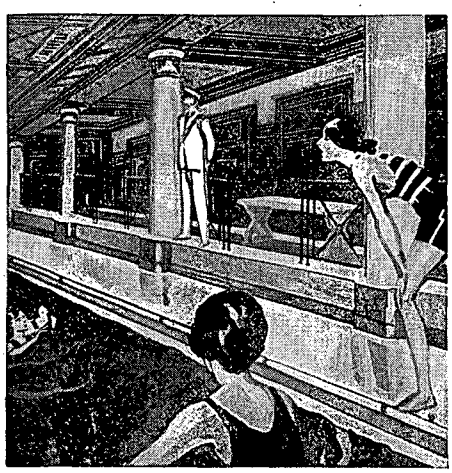

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There will have to be a "Bank of the Nations," to act as trustee, receiving the German payments, to facilitate and stabilize the transfers of money, to finance deliveries in kind. But it will have inevitably the much larger and more permanent function to cooperate with and in various ways—not all of them foreseeable—intermediate between the governments and the banks engaged in the commercialization of the German annuities.

FORTUNATELY, the United States Senate will have nothing to say about it. It is not, on its face anyway, an American business. The irreconcilable group of provincials in that body which has obstructed thus far our participation in the world's efforts toward reconstruction and the new day, may fulminate to their heart's content; it will not get them anywhere. But we shall have an immense stake in it; first and last we shall be the principal creditor, most concerned in the bank's stability.

Fancy what it will mean, to have, as inevitably this institution must become, a world clearing-house and an international depositary for gold, the world's common and governing standard of ultimate currency-value. Hitherto, insofar as any such central agency has existed, it has been informal and under essentially personal control, with both the weaknesses and evils, and the strength, of such control. This international institution, sure to increase in importance as guardian of the most tremendous unit of international values, could not get into private hands, and hardly could get—or at any rate long remain—under narrow control; too many mutually suspicious nations great and small would have a vital interest in it.

Without the enormous nucleus of the German annuities, such an enterprise, whether or not desirable in an earlier day, would have been virtually impossible if not unthinkable. With such a nucleus in existence and requiring highly judicious and internationally-minded management, it is difficult to see how its establishment could be avoided.

THERE used to be a maxim, "Do not put all your eggs in one basket." I've forgotten who amended it, to read, "Put all your eggs in one basket, and—*watch that basket!*"

That is what the nations will do. And if anybody, anywhere, rises up with a brick in his hand, to start a war—even a little war, imperilling just one egg—everybody will help to suppress him, because none will be quite sure which egg will be smashed. Besides, the eggs will not be individually owned; all the parties will have a common interest in *all* the eggs. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Moreover, with such a hostage for international fair play and commercial unity, there would be discouragement of the extremes of commercial nationalism which now retard world trade; all the parties would have a motive to broaden interchange.

Here we have, then, in its preliminary stages, another world institution to go alongside of the League of Nations and the World Court, with charter and intent expressed in "Locarno" and the so-called "Kellogg" Pact. None of these things would amount to anything save pious and subsiding aspirations if the cold facts of the post-war world, and the resistless logic of those facts, did not underlie them all. That same logic has worked to increase steadily the participation of the United States in the international knitting-up. There is no way for us to keep out of it; the world is bound that way, and big as we are, we have to revolve with the world. International banking is one of the best things we do. Dollars to the holes in doughnuts—when this bank is organized, there will be an American at the head of it.

THE LEAVEN AND THE LOAF

(*Continued from page* 175)

leases at the turn of the year, that a quarter of its enrollment was unvaccinated. By contrast, thanks to Mrs. Harris' work for home-owning, the colored school is a stable foundation on which education and community living can be built.

Then from the white school, we went on bumpy back roads that put a few more rattles into the doctor's antique Ford,

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to New Shiloh, to a little colored school beside a dilapidated church, similar to those which Judia Jackson had confronted twenty years ago, and unfortunately still typical of many. It was recess, and a dozen assorted children were hopping from puddle to puddle about the moth-eaten front yard hewn out of a patch of scraggly woods. An elderly teacher, in flapping black dress and long mourning veil, welcomed us anxiously, explaining that if only she had known we were coming, she would have swept out the floor of the schoolroom. Three long rickety benches were ranged in a triangle about the rusty, pot-bellied little stove with a broken door and a litter of kindling beside it. Desks there were none; a few battered books lay on the benches. There would have been more children, the teacher explained, except that the river was up because of the rains and the children from the other side couldn't get across; besides, the rains had come on Monday and Tuesday and some children, whose mothers took home washing from white folks in Athens, had had to stay home to help with it on Wednesday.

FOUR vaccinations while the teacher laboriously figured on her fingers the four in line and the seven on the benches to make sure that all were accounted for; then a quick kindly talk from the doctor on the food that these children can get to build good bodies—grits, cornbread, greens and the "pot liquor" in which they are cooked, and milk whenever possible—not just white flour biscuit, salt pork and coffee; how to clean one's teeth with a twig from a sweet gum tree if one hasn't ten cents for a toothbrush, with the call for several shining examples to prove it. When it came to checking up the health cards, the teacher turned helplessly to a big girl whose eyes were spryer for reading and whose hands were more agile with the pencil, which was discovered after a moment's frantic search. Somehow or other those older children had learned to read and to figure a little, but that was about all.

This is the sort of Negro education out of which the South is lifting itself by its bootstraps, with the foresight and devotion of its own leaders, and with aid from the experience and funds of individual northern friends and the group of organizations, including the General Education Board, the Rosenwald Fund, the John F. Slater Fund, and the Anna T. Jeanes Foundation, which have interested themselves in Negro education during the past twenty years.

"The missionary era is unquestionably coming to an end," declares the last annual report of the General Education Board, commenting on the significant changes in Negro education during the past decade, when it has been shifting over from the schools kept up by the churches or the humanitarian zeal of one individual, to the comprehensive county and state systems, which range from primary schools up through colleges and special institutions for vocational training. Coincident with this shift from private to public schools has come the growing realization, as in the more self-conscious currents in progressive education, that the school is a part of its community and that its greatest usefulness lies not in cramming a certain amount of information into the heads of its pupils, but in showing them the world they live in and helping them to play their part in it now while they are in school and afterward. Judia Jackson went to live on the Danielsville Road just about the time when the settlements were breaking ground in the cities. The motives and ideals of all these pioneers were much the same: to live in a community as a part of it, to enable it to see its limitations and by common effort to overcome them insofar as was possible, to pool and develop what could be gained by all of opportunity and beauty.

This shift from the religious and academic to the secular and broader forms of education is shown strikingly in the story of another Rosenwald School, in Georgia, the Hart County Training School, at Hartwell, about forty miles from Athens. Its principal, George E. Archibald, is a Baptist minister, Jamaican by birth, graduated at the University of Calibar in Jamaica, and in special postgraduate studies at Cambridge University, England; Morehouse, Atlanta, Georgia, and Tueskegee. His wife, who directs some of the academic teaching and the home economics work for the girls, is a graduate of Spelman College in Atlanta. Mr. Archibald went to Hartwell as the head of a school maintained by the Baptist church of the town for its young Baptists. The school board (*Continued on page* 215)

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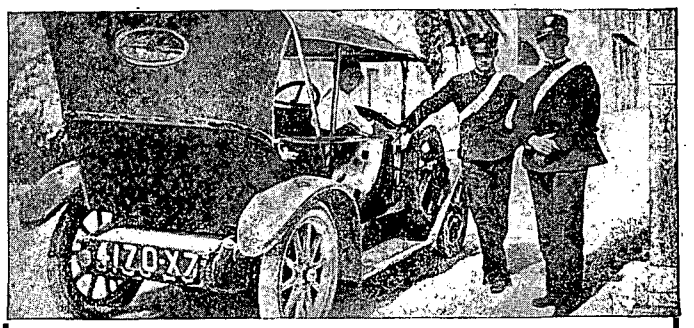

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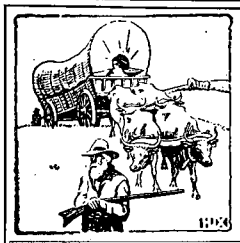

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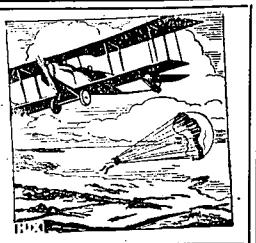

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Notice of meetings will appear in this space in Survey Graphic for June

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See Travel Pages 209 and following for rail and waterways.

SCHOOLS FOR GROWN-UPS

(*Continued from page* 181)

are somewhat more conventional in method and purpose. They give regular freshman and sophomore instruction to young men and women who will go on to the university or who wish to continue their studies beyond high school. No such numbers can be taken as in the evening, as the day student comes to class and laboratory more times a week.

University extension work in Milwaukee is only one phase of a still larger activity, which has been defined as "making the University of Wisconsin campus coterminous with the confines of the state." Wisconsin in 1885 was the first American state university to organize extension teaching; others have followed its pioneering. Today 12,000 residents of Wisconsin and other states—a larger student body by a third than is in residence at Madison—are enrolled in the extension division's 400 correspondence-study courses. Every year thousands of others meet for instruction in local classes.

An extension function that is meeting a vital demand is a state-wide drama service, giving intelligent direction and objective educational and entertainment value to home-talent plays and pageants. A Wisconsin dramatic guild, linking the interests of a wide variety of groups in better acting, better stage mechanics, and better play writing, is one of its first outgrowths.

The scope of university extension is as broad as the civilization that underlies it. Its fields of service are many and diversified, all in one way or another serving the ends of adult education. The increasing purpose of the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin is to adapt the learning of the university, from day to day and from year to year, to the living needs of a people—to transmute the findings of the scholar into the very fabric of a state's civilization.

HUMAN RELATIONS AT YALE

(*Continued from page* 183)

lations and the flexible program of the Law School will give students a sound legal, psychological, sociological and medical background for the study of important social problems in the family and crime.

It is clear that each step the institute takes creates almost as many problems as it solves. The scientific problems are, perhaps, of primary importance because their solution will dictate educational policy in an institution without vested academic interests in special fields of learning. The scientific problems are difficult, but on the whole are not more complex than those in the domain of natural science. Relativity or the quantum theory require no less intellectual effort to understand than social hypotheses. The chief difficulty seems to lie in the attitudes toward the material rather than the material itself. At least that is the hypothesis that best explains, at the moment, the Institute of Human Relations. The soundness of the hypothesis remains to be tested. In the meantime the fact that the money was raised, given, and is being administered by sceptics is a hopeful sign.

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(*Continued from page* 213) still was interested primarily in the old defensive demonstration that colored boys and girls as well as white can be taught algebra, geometry and Latin. The other colored children of the town went to a so-called "public" school, kept in an inadequate rented building with some aid from the town, and consisting almost entirely of young Methodists who naturally couldn't be expected to go to a Baptist school! Mobilized about their schools, the two congregations observed only diplomatic relations with each other.

The young principal had embraced the Tuskegee ideal of living in one's present and according to one's circumstances. When he suggested to the trustees that it might be well to include subjects more immediate than algebra and Latin in the curriculum, there was a clash of ideals and he resigned to become teacher in the little public school. It was sadly lacking in equipment; and he asked the school board for $2.50 to buy a map of the world. No money, they told him. Undaunted, he went back a week later to ask for a spade, rake and hoe, a hammer, a saw and plane. They listened with surprised attention as he explained why he believed that his pupils should get their education in terms of things they knew and used; then walked with him over to the hardware store, to buy $14 worth of the coveted tools.

From that beginning has come at last a fine $8,000 brick building, a five-teacher school, toward which the Rosenwald Fund gave $1,300. The bulk of the money was obtained by a bond issue—the town now convinced by Mr. Archibald's work. Through their labor the colored people—and one white man—gave a quarter of the cost of the building. The white women's club gives the magazines in the school library. A separate building houses a well-equipped and fitted carpenter shop and a brick-laying shop where boys are taught skilled trades at which they can earn fair livings locally. Money given by the General Education Board has been used to aid in the original equipment to the extent to $1,000, and this year provided an additional $250 toward equipping the science room, while the school meets qualifications which will entitle it to receive $1,000 this year for maintainance from a special state fund to aid high schools.

THE financial patchwork which is necessary to support a first class school appears in the list of the sources of income of this Hart County Training School for the past year—not including the $1,000 state highschool aid just added.

From Slater Fund	$ 400.00
From federal funds for vocational training under Smith-Hughes Act	750.00
From manual training fund	337.50
From state common school fund, Negro taxes and local funds	2,402.50
From incidentals	200.00
	$4,090.00

Most of these Hartwell children are the sons of farmers who rent the land they farm, though as a rule they live in the town and about a third of them own their homes there. And when the cotton club counts twenty-five boys and eleven girls who planted and are cultivating from one to seven acres unaided at home, that record spells a series of long and often difficult arrangements with white farm owners and with parents who must pay for rented land and lose the children's labor if the children are to farm a piece on their own. The money they get from the sale of the cotton is put aside for their books, sometimes for the clothes they must have if they are to come to school, sometimes for further schooling after they finish the ten grades here. Twelve girls had planted home gardens under the inspiration of the school's teaching, five were raising chickens, and two boys proudly reported themselves the owners of "hawgs." The modern disciples of learning by doing would find delight in seeing children learn arithmetic in terms of the profits on cotton after the costs of its raising were deducted; or in computing their return on peas raised for market on the school grounds; in seeing the geometric figures made by the carpentry class; in the incubator tucked away in a warm corner of the one classroom where chicks would soon be hatching.

Best of all, however, the school has broken down the old

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barriers between Baptist and Methodist. Young and old of both denominations mingle in the public school, in its classes, at its evening entertainments with the school band as a special feature, at its movie show. In their sewing classes the girls make up dresses and aprons for the women who ask their help, glad to have the material to work on while they are learning dressmaking. Anyone roundabout who has a broken chair brings it in for first aid. When someone is giving a party and wants to make a particularly scrumptious cake she is likely to consult Mrs. Archibald, who comes in of a Saturday morning, despite the claims of her own family of five, to show in the school's domestic science room how to solve the quandaries of home kitchens. It is significant of the spirit with which the community in turn supports the school that the instructor in bricklaying gave part of his working day without pay for a whole year, while the carpentry teacher now is putting in a substantial amount of his time without any assurance that there will be money at the end of the year to pay him for it.

A PLAYGROUND, with slides and a whirligig made by the student carpenters, lies at one side of the school. Despite the energetic use to which it is put Mr. Archibald points out with pride that never once has a pane of glass in the building been broken. One year when the school was especially in need of money for extra equipment, Mr. Archibald plowed up part of the ground and raised half a bale of cotton on it, at the same time showing the children how they could do likewise at home. It scandalized some of the neighbors to see a school raising cotton or peas but in the end they got his point. "If our school should burn down now," said Mr. Archibald, "I'd just say to the children, 'Tell your daddy to come around tomorrow—we need him,' and there'd be so many here that we'd never need to spend a penny for the labor to build it up again."

To have helped arouse this spirit of joyful responsibility and initiative in meeting the conditions of one's life as best one can is the measure of true philanthropy. And it is just in this respect that the quiet work of the Rosenwald Fund has made a unique contribution to American education and community life. This work began at a time when white leadership in the South was beginning to realize the social and economic necessities for Negro education; when the pioneer Negro schools, launched and kept afloat by the missionary spirit of both races, had evolved methods of guiding their people's thirst for education. It was time to carry over these methods and ideals into the public schools to reach all the children. This became the special task of the Rosenwald Fund, working in harmony with the older funds and foundations. Its investment in these past fifteen years has been comparatively small—as the funds of foundations are figured—less than $4,000,000. But that $4,000,000 has seemed a little like the miracle of the loaves and the fishes, for through it have come well-built, well-planned, *permanent* schools for half a million children. Mr. Rosenwald's personal interest in Negro education and his first offers to help build schools came at the psychological moment and ushered in a new era that focussed and furthered the resources already latent in the South and gave encouragement which was more creative than money. The technical standards and supervision which were evolved as the idea grew to be a program, have ensured the best investment of funds, labor and enthusiasm.

It must be reiterated that the Rosenwald contribution in money has never been more than a fraction of the whole—designedly so, for the donor's intention has been not only to help as many as possible, but also to help with more than money—to help by the education and self-respect that comes when different groups in a community work together in a common cause. During the whole period, 1915-1928, the Rosenwald contribution has amounted to about one-sixth of the total money investment; in 1928 alone it was only a trifle more than one-tenth, and both of these percentages would be still lower if the total effort that has gone to estalishing the schools, labor and love as well as money, could be counted in. Though the economic history of the southern states during the past ten years reads like the story of the plagues in Egypt, both the number of the Rosenwald schools and the investment in them has grown at an accelerating rate; and the part of the Rosenwald Fund has steadily become less as the local communities took on a constantly increasing share of the burden.

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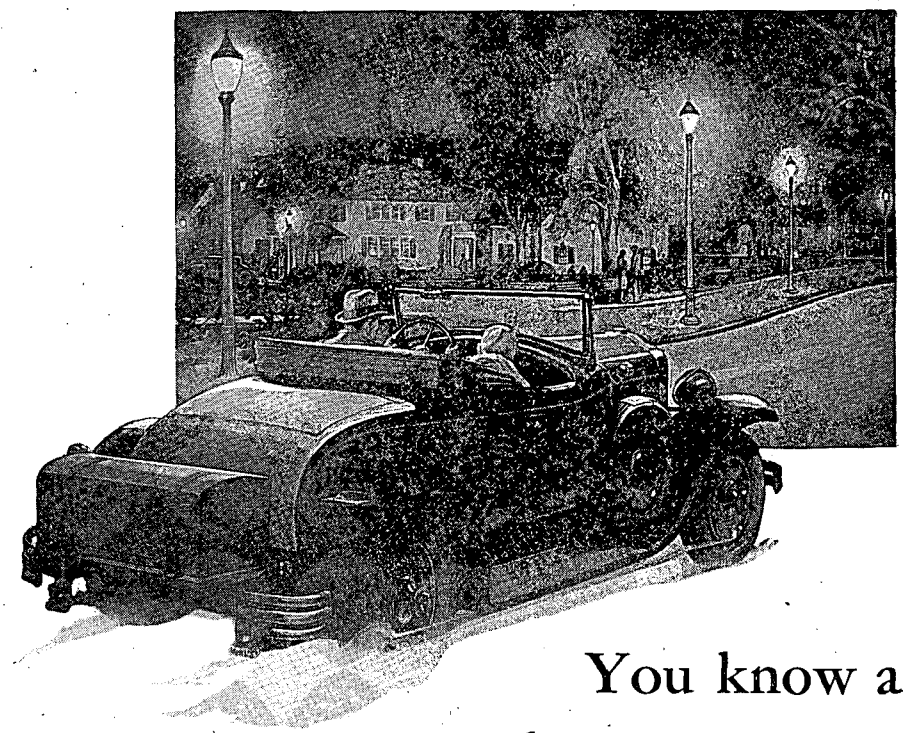
The educational benefits of the schools have not been limited to Negro children. White neighbors passing by have been quick to notice the trim, well-planned Rosenwald buildings, and their long rows of shining windows, their community rooms, playfields and gardens. At both the Clarke County and Hart County schools the children take turns in doing all the janitor work and no paid service could have produced more spotless results than I saw on my unannounced visits. Mrs. Harris tells with gentle satisfaction how the commissioners of the adjoining county refused years ago to give money to help build her first school, though it consolidated a school on their side of the county line; but how, a few years ago, when they were about to build a new consolidated school for *white* children, a delegation came to see hers so that they might profit by its planning in building their own. Moreover they did!

During these harsh years the lure of higher wages and sometimes more self-respecting living conditions in the North have threatened to draw off the most enterprising Negro groups. The improvement of Negro education all along the line, making possible a more satisfactory life for Negro families and their children in southern communities, and arousing a corresponding respect for them by the more understanding groups of white neighbors, is a powerful force counteracting a too-rapid migration with its painful consequence to those who go and those who stay. Mrs. Harris can tell you of the chances that have come to her husband and herself to go to jobs in the North with much more money, and with associations and opportunities that she has glimpsed through her summer post-graduate studies at the University of Chicago, at Harvard and Pennsylvania, and in cultured Negro circles in northern cities. But they have felt that their place was with their own people, and because there has been opportunity to carry on good work there, they have wanted to stay in the schools which have been their life work.

This spirit has gone down to the younger generation as well. Mrs. Wilson, the young primary teacher so serenely presiding over her fourscore assorted wrigglers, is a graduate of the school. Even as a little girl Mrs. Harris noticed her fondness for gathering the younger children together at recess to play teacher, and her skill in catching and holding their attention. Soon after she finished the nine grades there, which include a special course in "education" to train these young girls to teach those still younger, her family moved to Chicago. She went into a factory, making lamp-shades, and did so well that she became forewoman. But even after nine years, Mrs. Harris remembered the special aptitudes of that pupil, and when she saw that there was to be a staff vacancy, she wrote to ask if Mrs. Wilson would like to come back. Mrs. Wilson replied yes, and began at once to take evening courses to brush up what she had learned before and to help her prepare further. And there she is once more, going regularly on Sundays to the little country church that her pupils attend, leading their singing, bringing back to her own country the directness and efficiency that she developed in those absent years.

Graduates go out to the colleges. There are several at Hampton; another, having continued her work at the Augusta Training School, was elected valedictorian of her class of fifty-two, and now is at Atlanta on a scholarship. Still others, without the interest or means for further education, stay on helping their families to adjust to changing conditions, and raising families of their own; there are school "grandchildren" now, the boys and girls of the first graduates. "The worst thing about you is that library," scolded one old neighbor genially. "When I send my girl out to milk the cow, it seems like she'd never come back, and when I go out to see, there she sits like she was milking with a book under her apron." But, with the spirit of the school as it is, probably in the end that father



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CIVIC NATIONAL, INTERNATIONAL

AMERICAN GENETIC ASSOCIATION, INC.— 306 Victor Building, Washington, D. C. "To promote increase and diffusion of knowledge concerning Heredity". Publishes monthly *Journal of Heredity*, which gives announcements and discussions of recent discoveries regarding heredity—with ample illustrations. Membership composed of research geneticists and leaders in many fields, teachers, physicians, clergymen, lawyers, etc. The Association is anxious to learn of cases of identical twins reared apart, which give unique opportunities to study effects of heredity and environment. Membership dues $3.00 per year.—Sample copy of Journal of Heredity and circular illustrating heritable characters sent on request.

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NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE OF AMERICA— Mrs. Raymond Robins, honorary president; Miss Rose Schneiderman, president; Miss Elisabeth Christman, secretary-treasurer; 311 South Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. Stands for self-government in the work shop through trade union organization; and for the enactment of industrial legislation. Official publication, Life and Labor Bulletin. Information given.

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR PREVENTION OF WAR— Frederick J. Libby, Executive Secretary, 532 Seventeenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Aims to stimulate the movement against war and to increase the coordination of peace forces. It stands for progressive world organization, worldwide reduction of armaments by international agreement to police status, and worldwide education for peace. Subscription to "News Bulletin", 50 cts. a year. List of publications free.

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will see that books have their place, and his ambitious young daughter appreciate, too, that cows must be milked at their time as well.

See the children crowded three on a bench at assembly in one of the classrooms. The auditorium is still unfinished; money is being collected for it by school entertainments but still it has no means of heat for winter weather. Mrs. Harris plays the piano, bought by united effort, and they sing with the heart-wrenching melody that seems inborn in colored children. Then someone asks for a spiritual without the piano, and the primary teacher leads it.

"We are climbing Jacob's ladder," comes her clear soprano, echoed by the flute-like voices of the little children. Then chimes in the sonorous bass of the big boys, and finally, in haunting refrain, the full orchestration of them all. They *are* climbing Jacob's ladder, and thanks to their own gentle will and the helping hands of others, they are far enough up it to see sunlight ahead.

TENTS OF THE MIGHTY

(*Continued from page* 187)

millions of acres of buildings and machinery would be just as serviceable paying three per cent as if they were paying thirty per cent. Yet men could be got for nothing and money commanded high profits in war time.

When I had finally puzzled out this problem, I realized that alternate eras of war with profiteering and peace with poverty would continue as long as the system that inevitably produced these results remained the perfect flower of our time-honored social ignorance. Now I knew, at least, that "Roosevelt progressivism" was not enough—and felt sure that the barren dogmatism of state socialism offered nothing but political acceptance and perpetuation of existing evils. In this mood I wrote Democratization of Industry, a speculative article that merely hinted at the falsity of our industrial conception that the war was so ruthlessly uncovering. It was interesting (1) to note the first appearance of the same phrase in a subsequent message of Wilson (December 2, 1919), (2) to find the article quoted extensively in Industry and Humanity, a book by MacKenzie King, subsequently the prime minister of Canada, and (3) to read the following extract from a letter written by Roosevelt, May 18, 1917:

> Now, as to your article. Not only do I agree with it, of course, but curiously enough in something I wrote a couple of months ago I used the same idea. If the Metropolitan ever publishes it, I hope you will see it.

In truth few people of intelligence any longer sing the old songs in praise of things as they were before the war. But millions of time-servers, rich and poor, who suspect the words are false and the tune worn-out, join in the chorus for the same futile reason that we still sing the songs of wars that ended long ago. It is easier to sing old songs than to learn new ones.

What a time of fog and lightning was that period of the war! Great clouds of doubt constantly obscuring the old, familiar certainties, with now and then a flash of lightning that revealed things never seen before.

Chicago stockyards were feeding the world. You might not go there in a search for social intelligence, but you might reasonably anticipate finding large deposits of business brains and integrity. Indeed, some of the most capable and likable men I have known made their fortunes in the "yards." But there were also in positions of great power more conspicuous men, whose unfitness for high responsibility was tragically demonstrated before and during the great war.

It was to the head of one great house that I went during the war to protest—not in the name of humanity, but of "patriotism"—at labor conditions which were sure to bring a strike and to disorganize the food supplies for the men "over there." "How can I talk about 'democracy' when you make a mockery of the word in the yards?" was my complaint. And this employer of thousands and feeder of millions was feebly and vaguely distressed at the charge which he was sure was not justified. Individual employes had told me the facts which investigators had confirmed. I knew more of the actual conditions than the owner of the plant was willing to know. I told of men called in the middle of the night for a little work, waiting hours for more work, wasting fifteen hours for four hours' pay; told of working conditions, cold, damp, filthy and ruinous to health, of wages utterly inadequate to meet the mounting cost of living.

"Give me the names," he replied, "and I will see that the right thing is done." That I could not do; could not violate confidences and expose men to discharge. "Individual wrongs are not the main issue. The point I am making," I reiterated, "is that you must have labor organization. Instead of fighting it, you should help the men to organize, so you can know how the men feel and what they want, so they can express themselves. They will be organized anyhow, with your blessing or despite you. But your present attitude means a strike."

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He assured me that they had taken care of that; they had "arrangements with the government"—whatever that meant.

Within a short time, there was a great strike under way in the packing plants. The government had to intervene and wages were raised by government order. Shortly thereafter this house decided to organize its own employes in a gentle, well-controlled company union. They had at least learned that some kind of labor organization was necessary, years after every intelligent student of industrial conditions knew of the necessity. So they produced a cheap, ineffective social soap, to match their commercial product—both strongly perfumed and well advertised!

The world was at war. America was moving the legions of its young men across the ocean. But Roosevelt, the great inspirer of youth—the most courageous, popular leader of our time—remained at home. "This is a very exclusive war," he said during one of his passages through Chicago, "and I have been black-balled by the committee on admissions." He grinned amiably at me as he spoke, but there was pain in the eyes of the old warrior denied his rightful place in the most terrible conflict of the ages.

There were many misunderstandings of this period deeply significant of the viciousness of the war spirit. Many of us now can look back upon the heroic efforts of men like LaFollette and Norris in the Senate, of men like Robert Morse Lovett in the universities, of women like Jane Addams—and feel a little small and ashamed that, even if we did not join with those who scowled and spat upon them, yet we watched them through troubled, puzzled eyes. Why should they seek to appeal to reason when it was no time for doubting and debate? The die was cast. We had decided that we were eternally right and that the other side was eternally wrong. We were going to prove it by beating them down with our fists, by shooting them full of holes, by blowing them into pieces, by smothering them with poison gas. If we didn't do it to them they would do it to us.

THERE was the real war spirit. We were afraid. Above all things we were afraid to stop and think. Afraid that our will would weaken. Fear dominated everywhere and only the brass horns and the drums and brazen voices and hysterical singing helped to stifle our fears. Yet these men wanted us to stop and think, to stop singing and yelling, to sit still and think—which would bring us no comfort, only "doubt, hesitation and pain." So we classed the wise men and women who retained control of their brains with the fools who had no brains (there were plenty of these in evidence) and we, who had given our brains over to the government, and rather enjoyed the mental rest, were puzzled and a bit disappointed over our friends who not only continued to think for themselves but even insisted on thinking out loud.

Thus we prepared for the final dissolution of the progressive movement. To doubt, to question the wisdom of the powers that be, to advance new and disturbing ideas, had ceased to be an act of virtue, the proof of an aspiring spirit. Such attitudes were "radical" and "destructive." Soon they were to become something even more wicked—Bolshevistic! Progressivism was losing its supreme asset—respectability.

The last year of the war reappears to me as a year of death. Before many of the younger lives were blotted out across the sea, my tired father closed his eyes, in February, 1918. Soon after began the holocaust of youth—the pride of this family and the hope of that, the joyous boy of years gone by, the anticipated leader of years to come. They died over there—for "democracy." Roosevelt's son Quentin. One must write something of him; but what? A postcard was received in the morning mail from a dear friend and a paragraph appeared in the evening newspaper stating that the writer was dead. A home-guard patriot stopped me in the suburban station: "I think —— is actually disloyal, don't you? Think of demanding to know what we are fighting for?" "He must be disloyal," was my curt answer, "his only son was killed in battle the other day." Of course, it was no time to ask what we were fighting for! We must be sure that it was something noble and splendid or we would all go mad. How could a father, mother, wife, sweetheart, brother, sister or even a friend ask why "he" had marched away?

Then came the Armistice (*Continued on page 221*)

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(*Continued from page* 219) (preceded by the false dawn) and soon thereafter could be heard on every side the brittle rustling of falling leaves. It was as though a hard frost overnight had killed the rank growth of war emotions and ideals. The murmur of private interests rose into a great wind that swept across the land, stripping the trees of public service bare. The hopes of youth were thick as they fell; and there came back to me many times the prophecy of Jane Addams when the European war began in 1914: "This will set back progress for a generation."

Something of this sense of frustration gripped me as I lay in bed recovering from influenza shortly after New Year's, 1919. There was one hope of a fight for something worth while still left. Wilson had been defeated in the fall elections of 1918. In the swing back to the Republicans, there was only one first-class leader in sight. The old guard must swallow its animosities and turn to him. In fact, I knew of certain recent overtures that were quite significant. . . . The telephone rang. A reporter for an afternoon paper was on the wire: Did I know that Roosevelt had died in his sleep the night before? . . . I was weak with fever. I could only press my face into the pillow and cry like a child. There were many others who wept that day.

With the stopping of the war and the death of Roosevelt, we came to the end of an era in America. It is true that Wilson lived a little longer and that some Wilsonian leadership survived in a measure until 1924. It is true that LaFollette, the forerunner of both Roosevelt and Wilson, rallied a polyglot army for a last campaign in 1924. It is true that Bryan lingered on to participate ingloriously in the Battle of Dayton where the simian ancestry of mankind was demonstrated by those who denied it. But regardless of these twilight activities, the day was done and the impulse of that progressivism which had inspired my generation ceased at the end of the World War when the first of its four great leaders died.

We had stood at Armageddon and demanded that the economic rulers—the invisible government—cease to rule us, a preposterous demand that those who had the power to rule should forswear their authority. Since then the invisible government has grown strong enough to become visible. This visible government is the inevitable growth of certain institutions of government. These institutions were the natural products of habits and customs and beliefs that are the foundation of all law. If our habits, our customs and our beliefs have changed, there must come changes in institutions if we are to have a representative and not an imposed government.

The progressivism that will succeed Roosevelt progressivism will demand some radical changes in government to correspond with radical changes in habits, customs and beliefs that came into the lives of the people during the period from the end of the Civil War to the end of the World War. It will be a new generation, not bred into the old ways, that will catch the vision of a new day and will seek a new highway to our ancient goal.

In the wandering footprints of the confused leadership of the last eight years, there appears no path of promise; but there are some indications of the direction in which the young men and women of tomorrow will probably move when they become weary of marching round and round in the footsteps of their fathers.

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